SCREENLAND

August

15c



Lana
Turner

This Is What I Believe

By *Tyrone Power*





Makes midsummer "Knights" dream...

DANCING AT THE COUNTRY CLUB, you look bewitching with this fringed bang and flowers in your gleaming hair. "Drene with Hair Conditioning action leaves your hair so well behaved," says famous Cover Girl Jackie Michel. Don't cut your hair for bang. Comb front hair back to crown, tuck in a comb and brush forward into pomp-bang.

ON THE BRIDLE PATH, your hair gleams natural highlights. "I use Drene," says glam model Jackie Michel, "because it reveals as as 33 percent more lustre than any soap or shampoo." Drene is not a soap shampoo. It leaves any drab film on hair as all soaps do how Jackie holds her hair back with a wide



LUCKY AT CARDS, but luckier in love... if you do right by your hair! Keep it radiantly clean, free from ugly dandruff. "The very first time you use Drene," Jackie reveals, "you completely remove unsightly dandruff." For cool comfort on hot days, divide your upswept hair into two sections. One braid starts just below the crown, the other behind the ear. See how ends of both braids make plump shining curls.

No other shampoo leaves your h so lustrous, yet so easy to mana

Hair so clean, it's radiant! Hair so manageable,
it's miraculous! Hair so glamorous, it's well nigh irresist
Yes, whatever its color, you reveal all the natural beauty of
hair . . . when you use Drene with Hair Conditioning acti
"The first thing that a man usually notices
about your looks," says Drene Girl Jackie Michel,
"is lovely, shining hair."
Jackie, top-flight fashion model and Magazine Cover G
shows you these Drene-lovely hair-dos
to go with your summer fun. Try them at home
or ask your beauty shop to do them.
Right after shampooing, your hair is far silkier,
smoother, and easier to fix when you use
today's improved Drene with Hair Conditioning actio
No other shampoo leaves your hair so lustrous,
yet so easy to manage.

Drene

Shampoo with Hair Conditioning Action



"Hold Everything, Honey!"



GIRL: Hold it, eh? Listen, you so-called Little God of Love, I made this statue of you specially. *Just so I could do this to it!* And *this!* And *this!*

CUPID: *Wow!*

GIRL: And why not? You never help *plain* girls.

CUPID: *Help* you? Easiest thing in the world, my angry little éclair. Sparkle. Smile at 'em!

GIRL: *Smile?* When all I see is a smile full of no gleam . . . even *after* I brush my teeth?

CUPID: Ah . . . and a little "pink" on your tooth brush too?

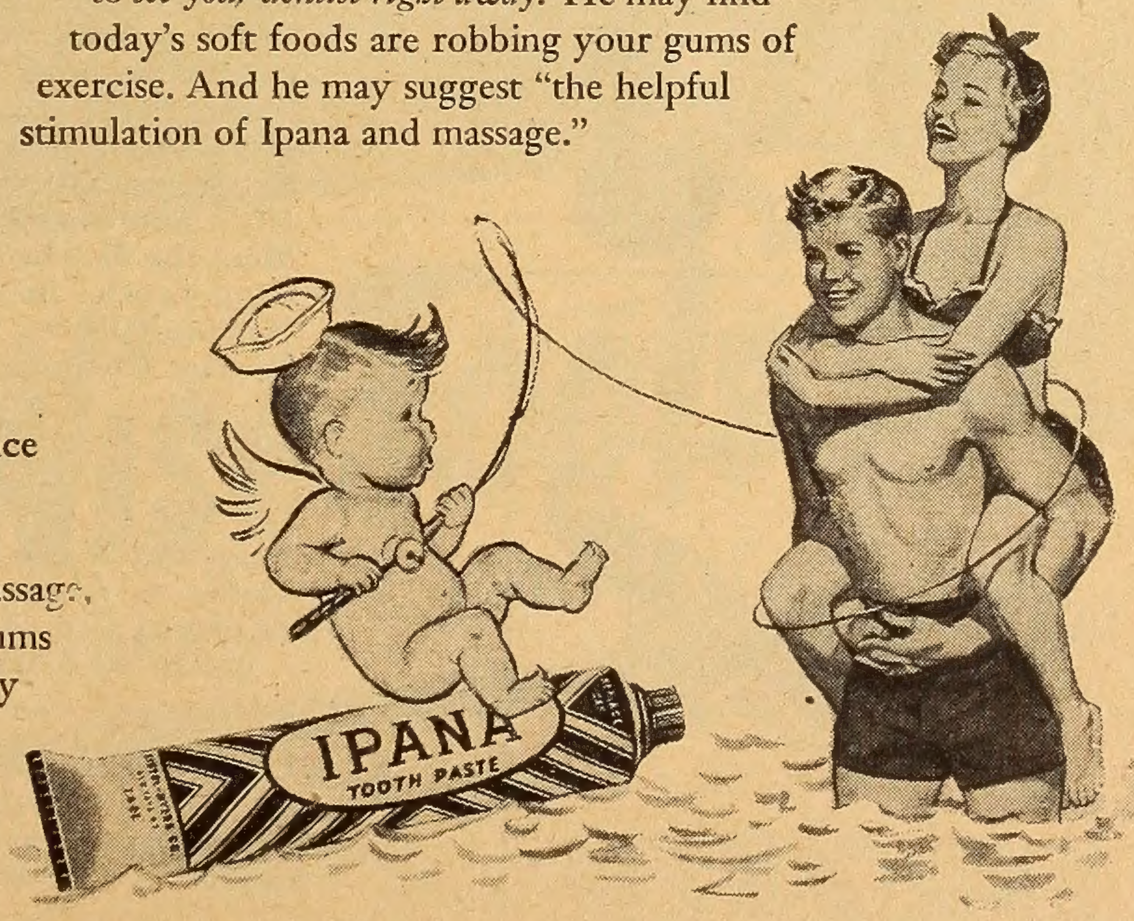
GIRL: What's *that* got to do with anything?

CUPID: Nothing, Pigeon. It's only an important warning to *see your dentist right away!* He may find today's soft foods are robbing your gums of exercise. And he may suggest "the helpful stimulation of Ipana and massage."



GIRL: I might have known it! A tooth paste salesman!

CUPID: Sis, in my business, you sell anything that helps romance —smiles, for instance. And Ipana sure helps smiles! Because a sparkling smile depends largely on firm, healthy gums. Ipana not only cleans teeth. It's specially designed, with massage, to help your gums. Massage a little extra Ipana on your gums when you brush your teeth . . . and Sis, you'll be on your way to a smile that'll have you knocking over men instead of statues. Get started with Ipana today!



For the Smile of Beauty

IPANA AND MASSAGE

Product of Bristol-Myers

METRO-GOLDWYN-MAYER'S

The LION'S ROAR



Published in this space every month

The greatest star of the screen!

We can dream, can't we? Our favorite daydream goes something like this . . .

★ ★ ★ ★

We sing a beautiful love song and immediately Esther Williams rushes to our side. We leap lightly to the dance floor and do a terrific rhumba with the lovely star in our arms . . .

★ ★ ★ ★

Well, Van Johnson actually does all that and *more* in M-G-M's great new Technicolor musical, "Easy to Wed"!



Yes, Van sings, dances and romances with *two* of Hollywood's glamour-girls —Esther Williams and Lucille Ball.

★ ★ ★ ★

And with Keenan Wynn to round out an unbeatable foursome, "Easy to Wed" is easily the most light-hearted laughfest to come rippling your way.

★ ★ ★ ★

M-G-M has given it a grand supporting cast including Cecil Kellaway, Carlos Ramirez, Ben Blue—and Ethel Smith at the organ for an extra treat.

★ ★ ★ ★

"Easy to Wed" is easy to take. A lot of credit goes to Director Edward Buzzell and Producer Jack Cummings. And to Dorothy Kingsley who adapted it from the screenplay "Libeled Lady" by Maurine Watkins, Howard Emmett Rogers and George Oppenheimer.

★ ★ ★ ★

It's not easy to top such musicals as "Anchors Aweigh" or "The Harvey Girls."

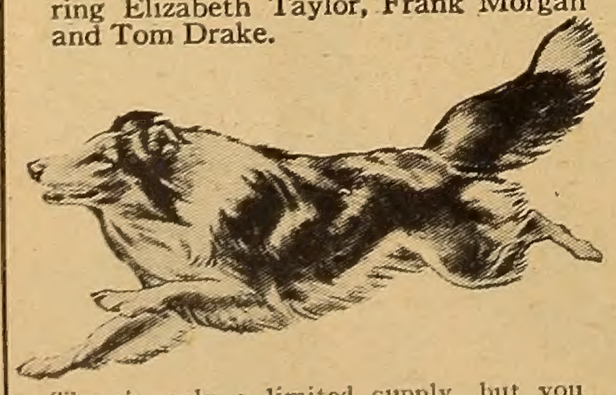
★ ★ ★ ★

But "Easy" does it!

—*Leo*



BARGAIN PORTRAIT! Paul Bransom, famous painter, has done a magnificent new color portrait of Lassie. It was inspired by Lassie's new Technicolor film, "Courage of Lassie," starring Elizabeth Taylor, Frank Morgan and Tom Drake.



There's only a limited supply, but you may have an 8"x10" reproduction by writing Lassie, Box 1079, Dept. B, Grand Central Annex, New York 17, N. Y. Please send 15c to cover mailing cost.

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Address.....

City.....Zone.....State.....

SCREENLAND

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Cover Portrait of LANA TURNER, co-starring with John Garfield in MGM's "The Postman Always Rings Twice."

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MEMBER AUDIT BUREAU OF CIRCULATIONS

THROUGHOUT HOLLYWOOD



the talk today is about an M-G-M picture that will probably win prizes and trophies and acclaim for its very sincere, warm and human story. It's called THREE WISE FOOLS and it tells of a little Irish-girl-with-a-brogue (played by Margaret O'Brien) who brings a flood of sunshine into the lives of three hard-bitten bachelors. It is so rich with laughter and tears that for years to come it will be enjoyed again and again by millions of Americans.



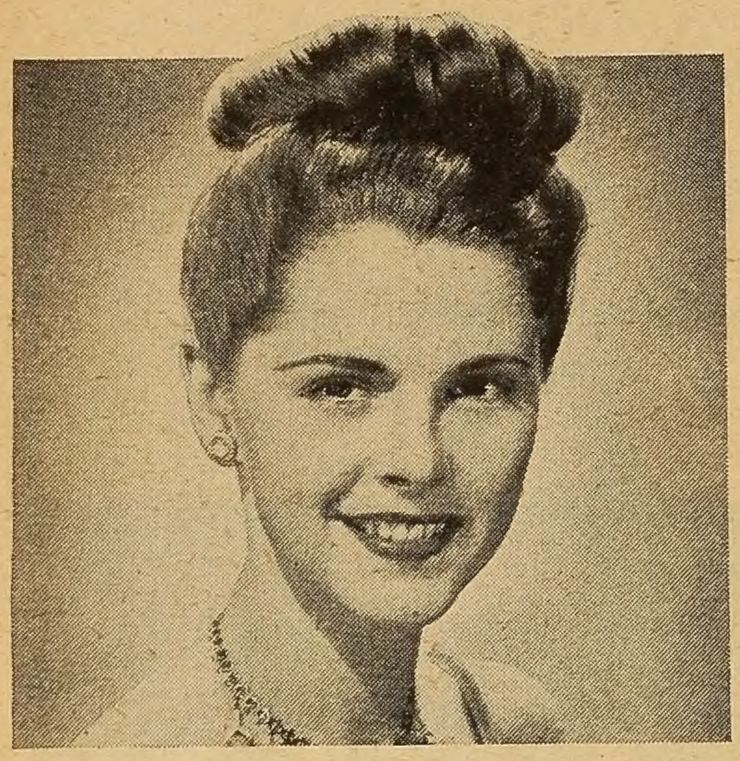
"Three Wise Fools"

IS ONE OF THE GREAT COMING M-G-M PICTURES!

M-G-M presents "THREE WISE FOOLS" with Margaret O'BRIEN · Lionel BARRYMORE · Lewis STONE · Edward ARNOLD · Ray Collins
Jane Darwell · Charles Dingle · Cyd Charisse · Harry Davenport and Thomas MITCHELL · Screen Play by John McDERMOTT and James O'HANLON · Story by John McDermott
Based Upon the Play by Austin Strong · Staged by Winchell Smith · Presented by John Golden · Directed by Edward Buzzell · Produced by William H. Wright · A Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Picture

FILLS URGENT NEED FOR HIGHER TYPE *Intimate Feminine Hygiene*

So powerfully effective yet absolutely harmless



Greaseless Suppository Gives Continuous Medication for Hours

Easier — Daintier — More Convenient

For years there has been an urgent need for a higher type of intimate feminine cleanliness—easier, daintier, more convenient—*powerfully effective* yet *harmless* with no tell-tale odor. Now thanks to Zonitors — you have it!

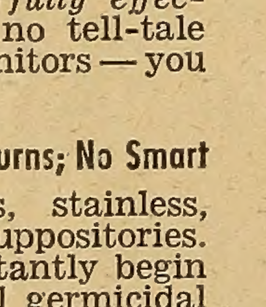
Positively Non-Irritating; No Burns; No Smart

Zonitors are greaseless, stainless, snow-white vaginal suppositories. When inserted, they instantly begin to release their powerful germicidal properties and *continue to do so* for hours. Yet they are SAFE to most delicate tissues. Positively *non-burning, non-irritating, non-poisonous.*

So Easy To Carry If Away From Home

Zonitors actually *destroy* offending odor. Help guard against infection. They *kill* every germ they touch. You know it's not always possible to contact all the germs in the tract BUT YOU CAN BE SURE that Zonitors *immediately* kill every *reachable* germ and keep them from multiplying. Buy Zonitors at any drugstore.

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FREE: Mail this coupon today for free booklet sent in plain wrapper. Reveals frank intimate facts. Zonitors, Dept. ZS-86, 370 Lexington Avenue, New York 17, N. Y.

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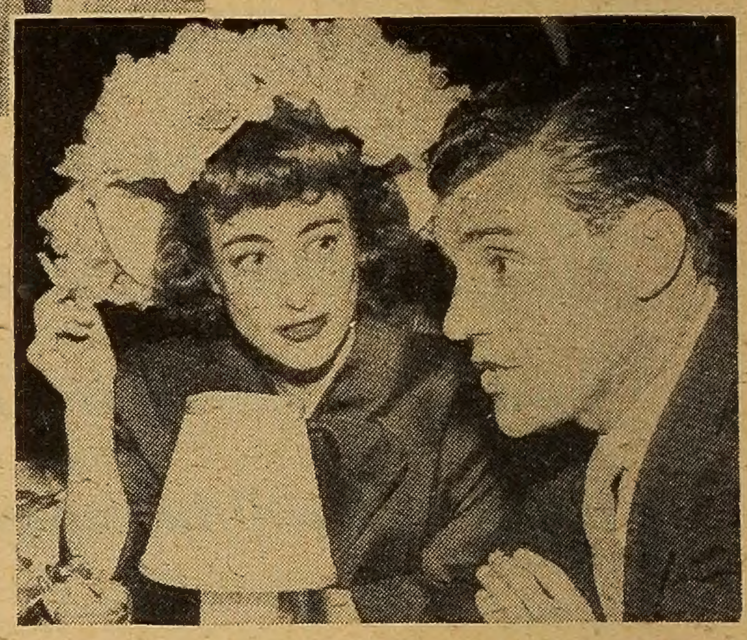


Hats are trés gay this season, and aren't we glad? Joan Crawford, at left with Vic Knight, wears a dreamy creation of feathers and roses; below, a ripple brim laden with posies which she dons for date with Greg Bautzer. Do we detect that serious look? Joan says she won't remarry, but time will tell.

PERSONAL to June Haver: We ran into Bob Hutton shopping in a Beverly Hills jewelry store. He has the ring picked out, he's even put a deposit on it. He wants a home and kiddies and thinks you'd make an ideal missus. Because he happens to be one of our favorites, here's hoping you'll say "yes" when he pops the question. But what about those dates with Bob Stack?

WHAT female wouldn't be happy with the present Louis B. Mayer gave to Miss Liza Minnelli? It's a standing order for Judy Garland's new daughter to have one portrait sitting yearly. Liza's proud mother says there positively will be no retouching her "wrinkles"!

RUMORS of parental objection were completely dispelled when the Kenneth Baxters announced the engagement of their daughter Anne to John Hodiak. Hollywood, knowing how much these two love each other, couldn't be more



pleased. To surprise Anne on her birthday, John invited her parents to drive down from Burlingame and be there when he presented his bride-to-be with her engagement ring. It's designed in the shape of a flower, studded with diamonds. On lovely Anne's third finger, left hand, it's mighty becoming.

FIRST reservation in "The Chantecler," Louis Hayward's new restaurant, was made by his former wife, Ida Lupino. Ida also was one of the first persons

(*Please turn to page* 8)



The girl on his mind? At least, here June Haver is the girl in Bob Stack's arms, dancing at Mocambo, but cast your glimmers at photo on page 8.

BARBARA
Stanwyck
VAN
Heflin
LIZABETH
Scott



IN THE
STRANGE SHADOWS
OF HER MIND...

desire and hate fused in
one consuming frenzy.

Fate drew them together
and only murder could
part them.

in

Hal Wallis'
Production

"the Strange Love of Martha Ivers"

(whisper HER NAME)

with

KIRK DOUGLAS

A brilliant new find

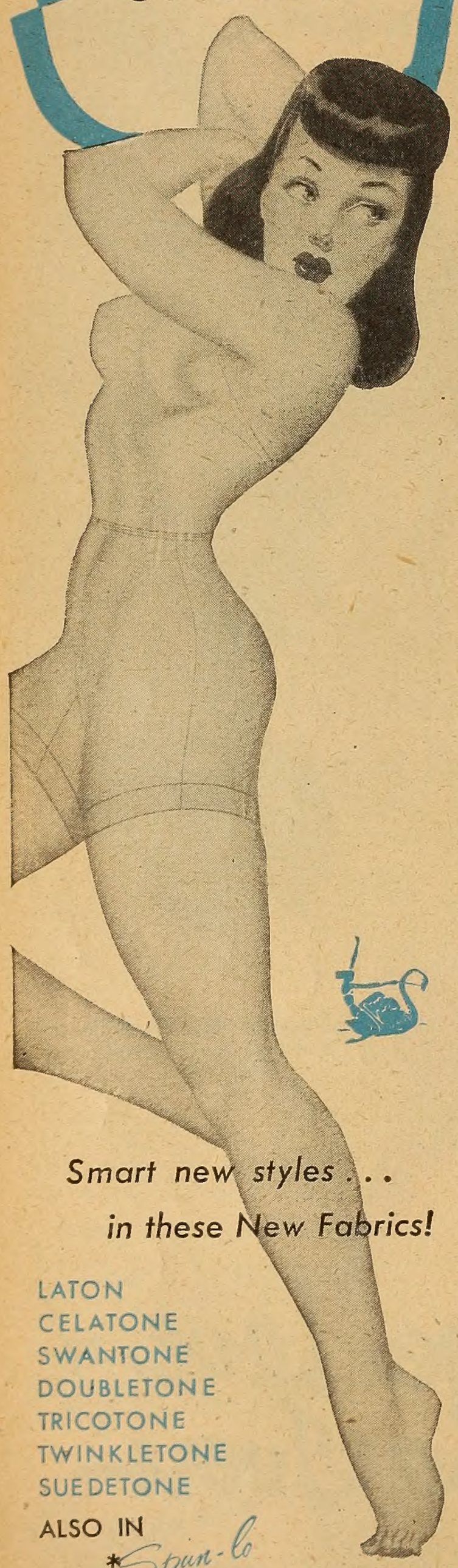
JUDITH ANDERSON

Directed by LEWIS MILESTONE

Screenplay by ROBERT ROSSEN

A Paramount Picture

Blue Swan
UNDIES



Smart new styles . . .
in these New Fabrics!

LATON
CELATONE
SWANTONE
DOUBLETONE
TRICOTONE
TWINKLETONE
SUEDETONE
ALSO IN *Span-lo

*Reg. U.S. Pat. Off.

At your favorite store!

Blue Swan MILLS
A DIVISION OF McKAY PRODUCTS CORPORATION
EMPIRE STATE BUILDING • NEW YORK

Hot from Hollywood

Continued from page 6

to offer her congratulations to Louis on his marriage recently to Peggy Fields.

IT LOOKED like Fourth of July the way the sparks flew when Gene Tierney gave out that statement that her husband, Count Oleg Cassini, deserves all the credit for her being the best-dressed girl in Hollywood. Phone calls poured in on the set of "The Razor's Edge" from Hollywood designers who had created things for Tierney's classy chassis. Studio designers pouted and avoided Gene like she had the smallpox. "That's what you get," kidded Tyrone Power, "for trying to boost your relatives!"

IN "Uncle Andy Hardy," Mickey Rooney's first post-war movie, he carries on a flirtation with glamazon Dorothy Ford, who stands 6-feet-three in her nylons. However, they date in a swimming pool and Mickey, who is 15 inches shorter, doesn't find out until they meet later. It's one of the funniest scenes we've ever seen shot for a movie. "Seems like *real* life to me," cracked Mickey.

NOW we've heard everything! In "Stallion Road" they had to clear



Avis Caminez gives Esther Williams a kiss, a salute to the hat she's wearing, while husband Ben Gage looks on.



Here June Haver is both the girl in Bob Hutton's arms and the girl on his mind. Will we hear the tinkle of wedding bells, soon, June?

the set because a horse being used in a scene was self-conscious in front of spectators! When they tried to do close-ups, the horse kept turning his back on Zachary Scott. "Maybe he's getting even with you for what you did to 'Mildred Pierce'," said Ronald Reagan drily.

STIRLING HAYDEN'S back and Paramount's got him. Now that he's been divorced by Madeleine Carroll (who was in Paris when the decree was awarded), Stirling's bosses would like to make sure he won't lose his heart again and go wandering off in the general direction of Egypt. If he'll sign that no-marriage clause in his new contract, he can have pretty much what he's always wanted. Wanna bet he won't sign it?



Olivia De Havilland is on hand to meet the "Constellation" at LaGuardia, when her sister, Joan Fontaine, and her new husband, William Dozier, arrive for visit.

FLASH TO ALL FANS!
The world premiere has broken every record at the Hollywood Theatre on Broadway!

THIS IS PATRICIA WHO WAS TROUBLE

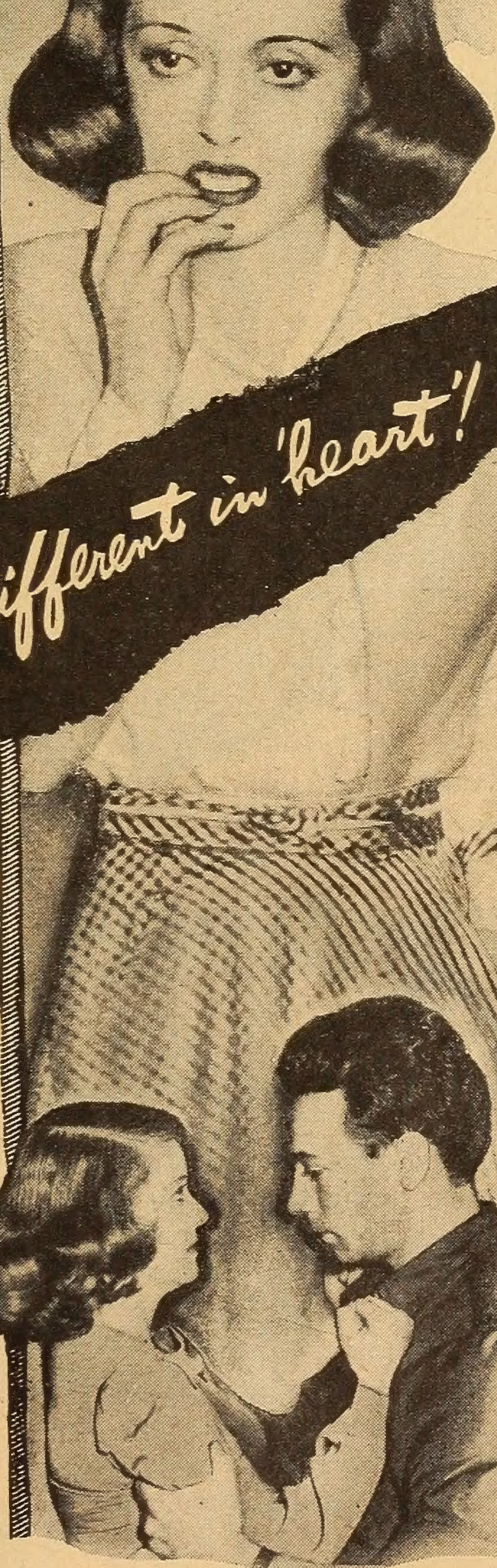
THIS IS KATE WHO WAS TRUE

BETTE DAVIS

TWICE AS THRILLING IN HER DOUBLE ROLE!

Twin Sisters so alike in looks... so different in heart!





WARNERS'

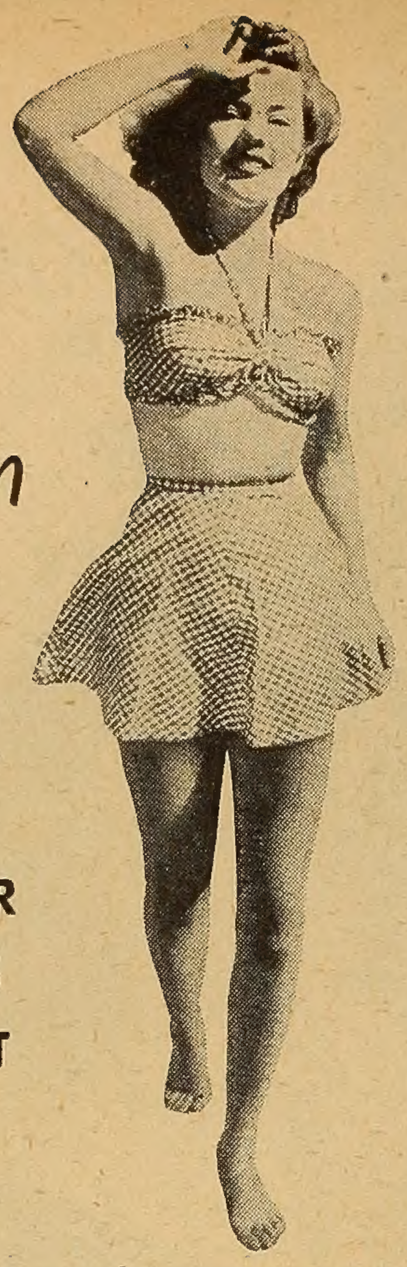
"A STOLEN LIFE"

WITH GLENN FORD · DANE CLARK · WALTER BRENNAN · CHARLIE RUGGLES

DIRECTED BY CURTIS BERNHARDT

SCREEN PLAY BY CATHERINE TURNEY • ADAPTED BY MARGARET BUELL WILDER
FROM A NOVEL BY KAREL J. BENES • MUSIC BY MAX STEINER

TWENTIETH ANNIVERSARY OF TALKING PICTURES — Warners



Swim and bathe

TO YOUR HEART'S CONTENT

NO BELTS
NO PINS
NO PADS
NO ODOR

This may be news to *you*—but thanks to Tampax more women every summer go right into the water any day they want to, including the sanitary-protection days.... The Tampax method is ideal for bathing because there is no external pad. With Tampax you can wear a snug swim suit and (wet or dry) nobody is the wiser. So why *should* you stay on the sidelines, lonely and conspicuous?

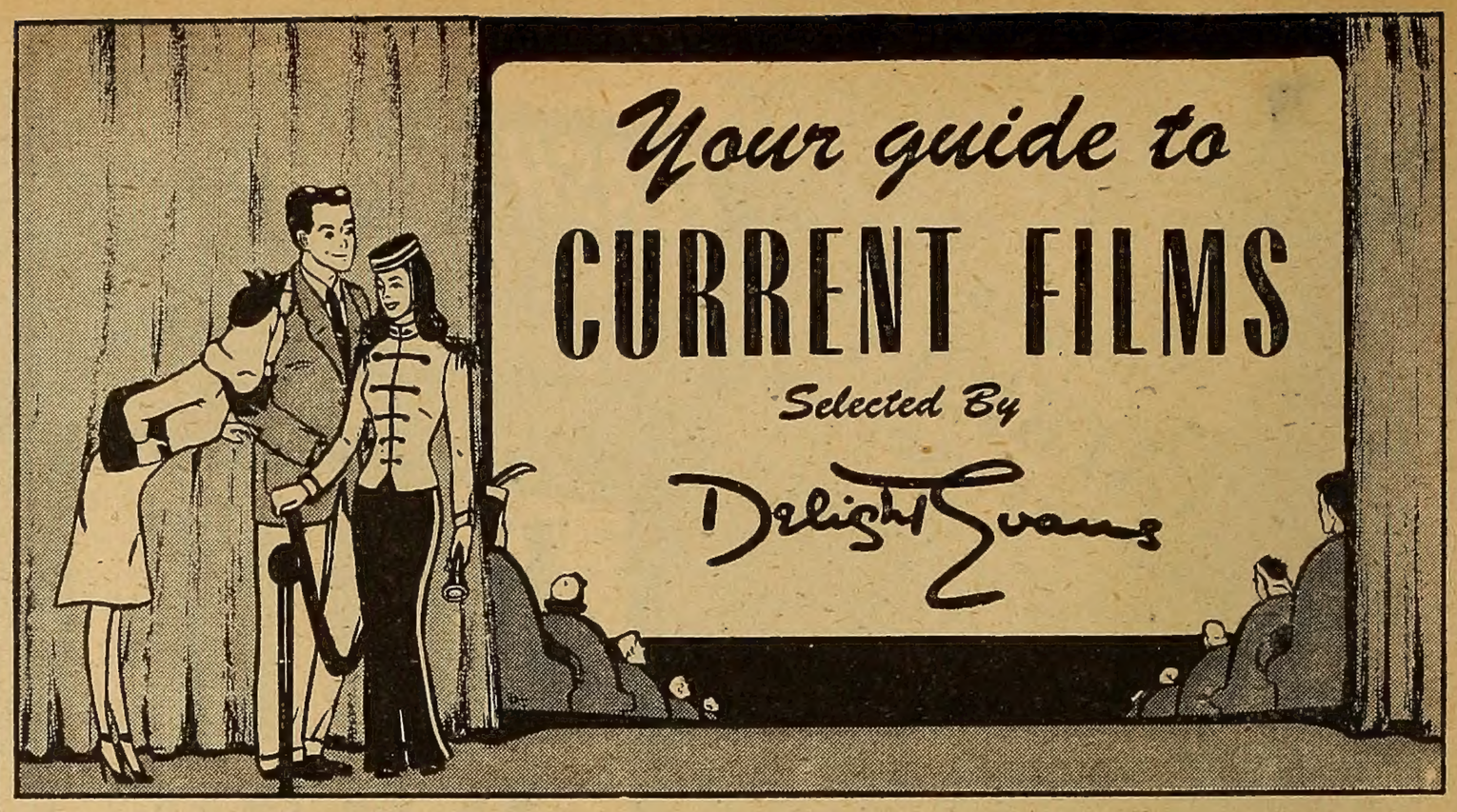
Applying the principle of internal absorption to this special monthly use by women, a doctor designed Tampax without belts, pins or external pads. Made of pure surgical cotton compressed in applicators, Tampax is efficient and dainty. As it is worn internally, no odor forms and there is no chafing. Changing is quick and disposal easy.



Just consider the advantages of this unbulky Tampax under summer shorts, slacks and sheer dresses—then get a supply at drug store or notion counter. Enough for a month will go into your purse. *Three absorbencies:* Regular, Super, Junior. Tampax Incorporated, Palmer, Mass.



Accepted for Advertising
by the Journal of the American Medical Association



Your guide to CURRENT FILMS

Selected By

Delight Evans



NIGHT AND DAY—*Warners*

Movie audiences who elect to see this Technicolor extravaganza will have a delicious feast of Cole Porter's songs, as well as a notable line-up of personalities: Cary Grant, who portrays the musical genius; Alexis Smith, as his wife; Monty Woolley, Ginny Simms, Jane Wyman, Eve Arden, Mary Martin as the professionals who helped make his shows successful—and this film fine entertainment. Based on the composer's career, it's rich in incidents occurring in his exuberant days at Yale, his first production interrupted by war, the heartbreak of his broken marriage, his tragic accident and partial recovery, and finally his wife's return



SOMEWHERE IN THE NIGHT—*20th Century-Fox*

Is he he, or is he not he? Even the best of mystery fans will be baffled by this melodrama concerning an amnesia victim of the war who returns to civilian life to trace his true identity—one which he fears is not entirely honorable. That's putting it simply, but the plot is more intricate than you expect. Suspense is the keyword in performances of John Hodiak and Nancy Guild, a new gal sure to rate highly, Lloyd Nolan as an easy-going cop possessing an innate knowledge of criminal psychology and Richard Conte, whose interest in the case has a monetary ring under his often professed friendship. Laurels to you, too, if you guess the answers!



WITHOUT RESERVATIONS—*RKO*

If you don't see the humor of this situation you will when you follow Claudette Colbert, John Wayne and Don DeFore across country "without reservations." It's a perfect set-up for fun with Claudette playing the author; Wayne and DeFore, Marine fliers who tell her what's wrong with her fictional hero. The hilarity begins when she gives up her train reservations and tags along with the boys in order to learn from them just where her creative talent missed fire. That she learns, and about love too. Cary Grant, Jack Benny, Dolores Moran, even Director Mervyn LeRoy put in brief appearances, just for novelty and your extra enjoyment.



O. S. S.—*Paramount*

As an agent in the first film about the Office of Strategic Services, Alan Ladd is provided with all the suspense-laden activity which combines so well with the cool deliberate courage he displays. There's a substantially romantic note, too, with stunning Geraldine Fitzgerald playing opposite him as his cohort in their underground operations in France before that memorable date in May, 1945. These fine portrayals, plus some smart spying and sabotaging tricks on the part of O. S. S., the colorful characterizations of Nazi officials by John Hoyt and Harold Vermilyea go a long way toward renewing audience interest in espionage—as the movies see it.



THE STRANGER—*International-RKO*

A slight touch of horror marks this film in which a dyed-in-the-wool Nazi, posing as a respected professor in a New England school, is tracked down by a Federal detective. However, it's not always apparent, breaking through the surface only in such scenes as the one in which the Nazi murders his countryman to avoid detection and the final sequence, a horror to end all horrors. With Orson Welles directing as well as acting as the guilty culprit, he is doubly responsible for the chills and thrills, but Edward G. Robinson's sleuthing and Loretta Young's high tension as the villain's lovely wife add their share to suspense. (*More reviews on page 12*)

Unceasing Excitement!

Relentless Suspense!



CARY GRANT · INGRID BERGMAN

in ALFRED HITCHCOCK'S

Notorious!

with

CLAUDE RAINS

LOUIS CALHERN

MADAME LEOPOLDINE KONSTANTIN

Directed by ALFRED HITCHCOCK

Written by BEN HECHT

RKO RADIO PICTURES

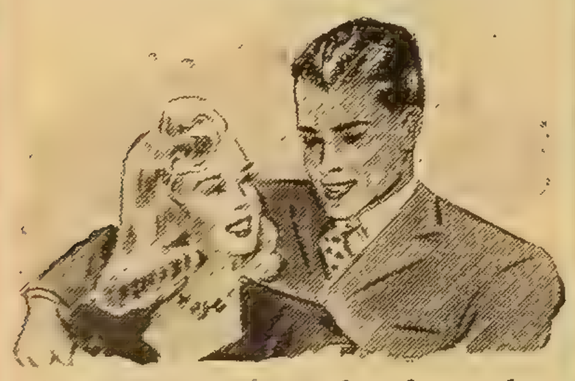
World Premiere RADIO CITY MUSIC HALL NEW YORK



Shimmering hair is beautiful hair. It makes your eyes sparkle—your whole complexion brighter . . . radiating loveliness.



Look at your own hair! Nestle Colorinse will add richer color—dancing highlights—softer, silkier sheen. Make it easier to manage.



Choose your own color from the 9 glamorous shades of Nestle Colorinse. Try it after your next shampoo. Then be ready for HIS compliments when he sees how much lovelier Colorinse has made your hair.

NOTE Ask your beautician for an Opalescent Creme Wave by Nestle—originators of permanent waving.

Nestle
COLORINSE



In 10¢ and 25¢ sizes. At beauty counters everywhere.

KEEP HAIR IN PLACE ALL DAY LONG

Delicately perfumed Nestle Hairlac keeps all styles of hairdos looking well-groomed throughout the day. Also adds sheen and lustre to your hair. 2½ oz. bottle 25¢

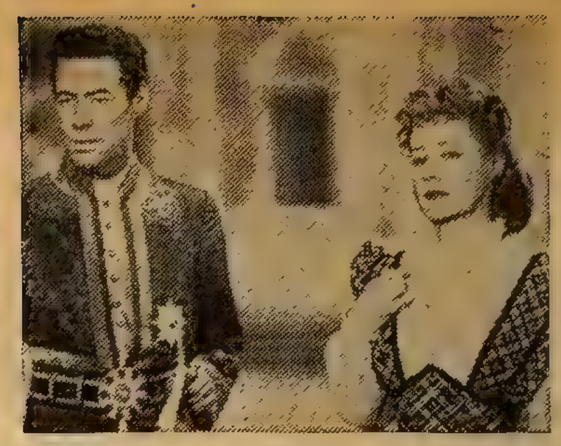


Nestle HAIRLAC



COURAGE OF LASSIE—MGM

Are you a Lassie fan? If so, here's your Picture of the Month. With the added attraction of Elizabeth Taylor, this latest film in the Lassie series packs a wallop and provokes a heart-throb, for it presents the great canine performer as a dog of war suffering battle-shock, saved by the devotion of an adorable young girl. First of all, though, is the enchanting opening sequence, in pantomime, showing Lassie as a pup lost in the Canadian wilds, growing up in the company of fawns, bears, crows and other wild creatures of the forest. Children will love this. Grown-ups will marvel at Lassie's performance, thrill at the war scenes, take Elizabeth Taylor right to their hearts. Frank Morgan, Tom Drake, Selena Royle in cast.



ANNA AND THE KING OF SIAM—*20th-Fox*

A motion picture so fascinating in its fantastic setting, so significant in its scope, so superb in its direction and performances that it will surely rate high on the list of "Bests of 1946." Here is cinema accomplishment of Academy Award calibre in every department. Based on the biography by Margaret Landon, this story of a true woman pioneer, Anna Owens, (Irene Dunne) who went to Siam to teach the sixty-three children of the King, has enormous interest as it traces the tempestuous encounters of the high-spirited Anna with the strange, sardonic King Mongkut, her courageous stand against barbarism, and his gradual progress to more enlightened thinking. Irene Dunne's Anna fine; Rex Harrison's King—great!



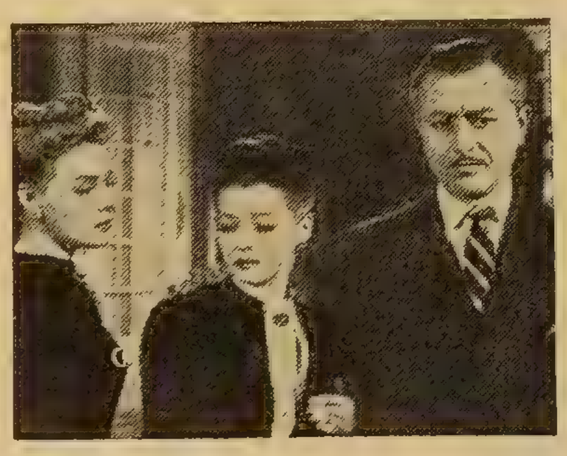
DEAD OF NIGHT—*Universal Release*

How narrow is the margin between dreams and reality, the natural and the supernatural, fact or fiction, is graphically, dramatically shown in this Ealing Studios production based on original stories by H. G. Wells. It starts with a dream which Mervyn Jones relates to tea guests, including Michael Redgrave and Roland Culver among the unfamiliar English cast, at Pilgrim's Farm—the same people he has met before in his nightmarish dream. In an attempt to reach a rational explanation, each person present tells of a strange episode in his personal life. Give them all careful analysis, and you have engrossing film fare which really makes you *think*.



LADY LUCK—*RKO*

The fickle behavior of that phantom lady—who so many gamblers believe smiles or frowns especially for them—causes the wheels to go round for the stars of this delightful treatise on the subject of how to make an easy dollar. Robert Young, fortune's pet, does all right for himself and his bankroll until he meets the beautiful Barbara Hale who is trying to rehabilitate her grandfather (Frank Morgan) after his last financial downfall at the races. She cures both of them of their gambling ways, but finds, in the meantime, there is something to be said on both sides. It's gay and frivolous with little attention given more serious, sometimes disastrous, results of gambling.



THE SEARCHING WIND—*Wallis-Paramount*

For those who regrettably followed the appeasement policy, this film version of Lillian Hellman's play will strike hard where they feel it most—their consciences. You could go a long way before you could find a better picture in that respect, and in view of superb performances by Robert Young, as the undecided statesman, Ann Richards, his wife, and Sylvia Sidney, the foreign correspondent who should have married him, giving him the benefit of her keen foresight. The film presents an interesting kaleidoscopic history from the beginning of Fascism to the end of the last war, but an abundance of dialogue tends to drag the action. Whether you find it tedious or not, the message it brings is well worth your time. Watch for appealing new man, Douglas Dick.



DO YOU LOVE ME?—*20th Century-Fox*

A gay musical in Technicolor with the talents of Harry James and Dick Haymes prominently displayed and the charm of Maureen O'Hara in the contrasting characterization of a spinsterish dean of a sedate college who turns on the glamor all add up to good entertainment. The brainy beauty is the pivot of a bang-up romance involving the Trumpet, the Crooner, as well as Reginald Gardiner, symphonic orchestra leader, Richard Gaines, business manager of the school—all getting in each other's way and causing plenty of intricate situations, neatly unraveled in the final sequence. As for songs hits, how about "I Didn't Mean a Word I Said," "As If I Didn't Have Enough on My Mind," the title tune, "Do You Love Me?" or "Moonlight Propaganda"? All are solid.

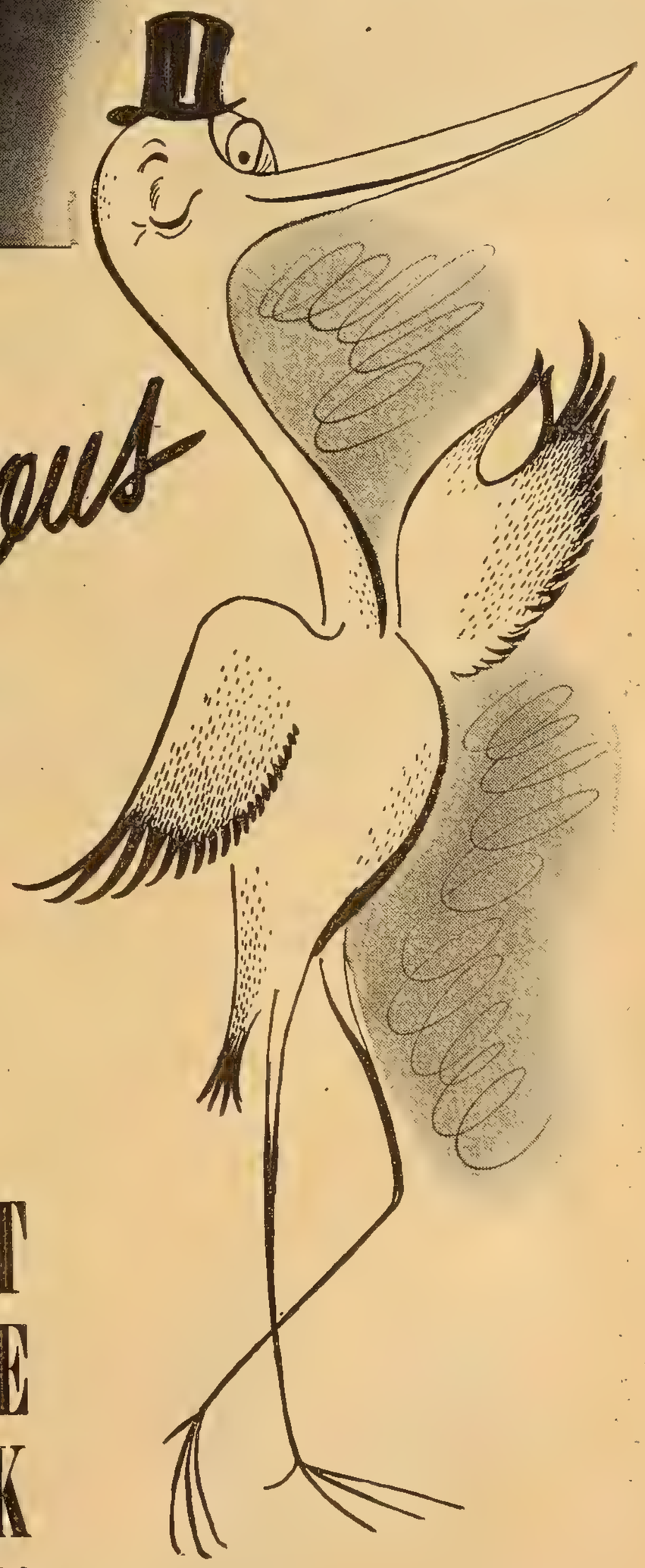


It's a Secret!

Because if you had a rendezvous like Annie did—you wouldn't want the whole town to know, either. But you can't blame them for *wanting* to know—because it's *very, very* funny!



Rendezvous with Annie



starring

EDDIE ALBERT
FAY MARLOWE
GAIL PATRICK

with Sir C. AUBREY SMITH

Raymond Walburn · William Frawley

James Millican · Wallace Ford

Screenplay by Mary Loos and Richard Sale

Based on their magazine story

Associate Producer and Director ALLAN DWAN

A REPUBLIC PICTURE



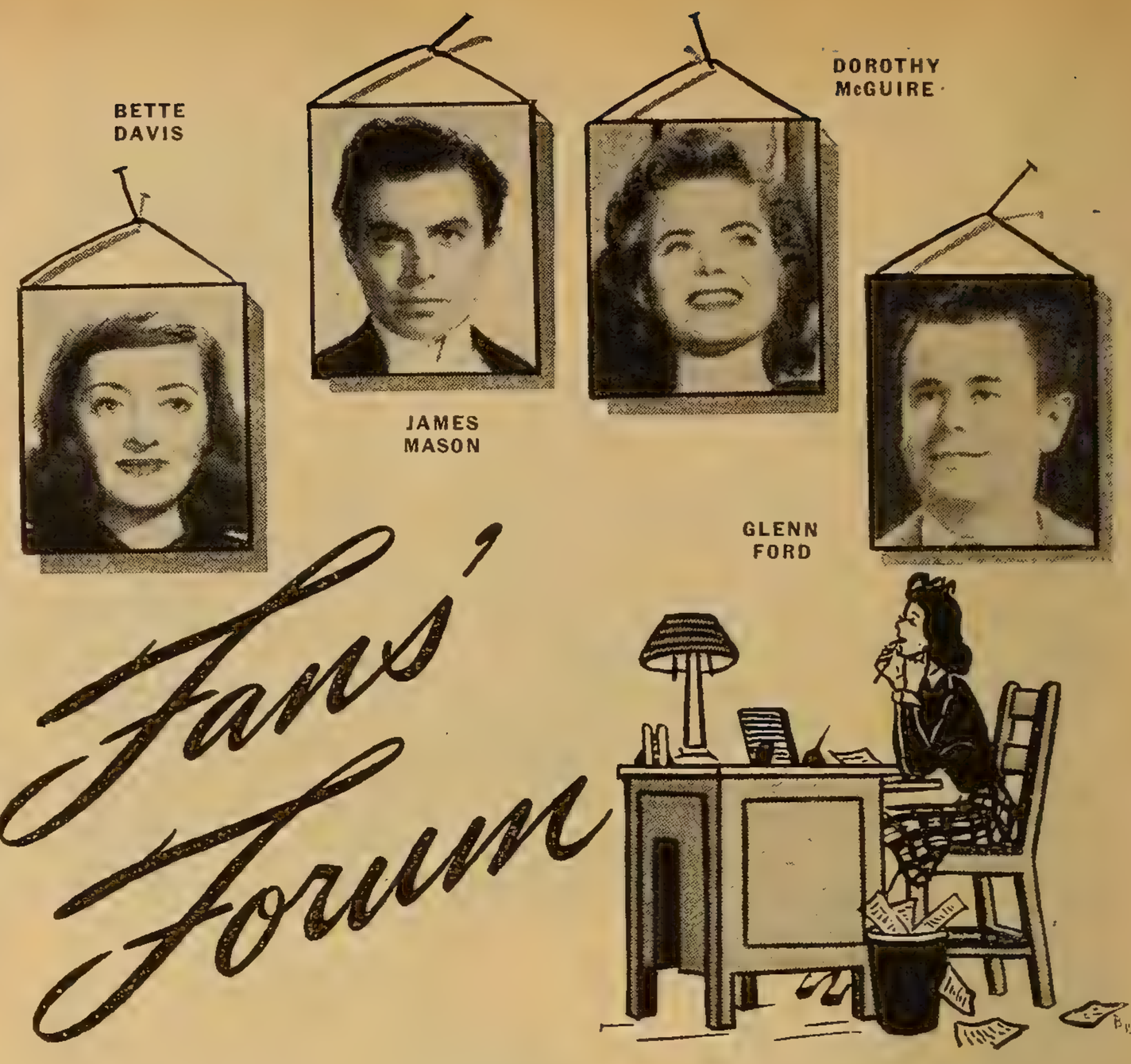
Is your shampoo SAFE?

DERMATOLOGISTS say the shampoo a woman uses is vitally important to a healthy scalp and beautiful, luxuriant hair. They warn against harsh, cleansing irritants that may dry the scalp and cause hair to break off, making it look *thin* and shaggy.

A *dependable* name in shampoo is PACKER'S! Year after year, it stands . . . a symbol of tried-and-true purity, gentle, thorough cleansing that leaves hair soft and fresh, effectively cleansed with safe medicated ingredients.

For PURITY, SAFETY *and* ECONOMY, use PACKER'S Pine Tar Shampoo and Packer's Olive Oil Shampoo. A symbol of *finer* hair care for 75 years. On sale at all drug, department and ten-cent stores. Get a bottle today!





Fans' Forum

Review Your Views

For the benefit of yourself, fellow fans, movie-makers and whoever it may concern, give substance to those ideas which occurred to you on the spur of the moment after seeing last night's movie. Write them down in your very own spontaneous style and send them to Fans' Forum. Monthly awards for the best letters published: $10.00, $5.00, and five $1.00 prizes. Closing date is the 25th of the month.

Please address your letters to Fans' Forum, SCREENLAND, 37 West 57th St., New York 19, N. Y.

FIRST PRIZE WINNER
$10.00

Wake up, Hollywood! With the demobilization of the armed forces, there is a newer and much more sincere audience occupying the seats in the theaters throughout the nation. By our forced travels, which we by no means regret, over the world's seven seas we have learned what hides behind the excessive paint and make-up of the so-called glamor girls. While at sea we find our little leisure time is taken in reading magazines, and naturally your SCREENLAND is included. It is quite appalling to notice the comparison between the glamorous movie actress and the miscellaneous assortment of the female of the species you encounter around the world.

Why can't we have more actresses of the wholesome type and less leg art? Let's have more of the Bergman and Alexis Smith type, and less of the too obvious type. Please realize that this is the opinion of a large body of your theater-going enthusiasts and that moviedom may stand or fall by the approval or disapproval of the returned citizen army.

CARL H. LARSON, RM3/c,
ROBERT S. BRITTAIN, SM2/c,
HARVEY SCHWARTZ, ETM2/c,
ROBERT H. MORAN, SM3/c,
Fleet Post Office, New York, N. Y.

SECOND PRIZE WINNER
$5.00

"Leave us face it!" British films are by far better entertainment than the average American movie. Now hold on before you start jumping at me with murder in your eye—I'm a loyal Yankee at heart, but even I admit the English know how to make a good film!

Sure, I agree with Hollywood that England is ten years behind them in the technical "know-how" of movie-making, but what does it matter if the finished product is superior? When you see a very beautiful woman do you stop to think of the technicalities of how she applied her makeup and the method used to cut and tailor her clothes? No! Your mind is too occupied admiring and enjoying the finished general effect of a beautiful, smooth and fascinating woman.

So it is with films. Who cares if the sound track could be better, the sets more lavish, and camera angles more perfect, as long as you're given the pleasure of enjoying a wonderful picture like "The Seventh Veil"? It emerged real entertainment because of the superb job done by the writers and actors, particularly James Mason! Hollywood would benefit by giving less attention to the tecl nical end of movies and more to the artistic side of producing entertainment, which is, after all, the reason they're in business!

JUNE EDMISTON, Maywood, Ill.

FIVE PRIZE WINNERS
$1.00 Each

"Glenn Ford—Bobby Soxers Choice for 1946!" That's the article that appeared in our local newspaper a few days ago. After seeing the movie, "Gilda," I can readily see why he's the "Man of the Hour."

In spite of the fact that I shed my bobby sox some few years ago, I give three cheers to that bunch of youngsters. They showed much intelligence when they picked a man with so much charm and acting ability.

I was wearing those well-known sox when I had my first impression of Mr. Ford

in that wonderful movie, "So Ends Our Night." I'll admit, too, that I literally swooned. I was surprised and quite disgusted that he wasn't given more roles. In my "girlish" heart I knew the producers were being unfair to this nice young man.

At last my faith has been restored! He has made a wonderful comeback. "Gilda" was a great picture with a great cast, but mainly we had our eyes on *Johnny Farrell*, so gloriously portrayed by Glenn Ford.

Now that he's back from the wars, here's hoping that we see much more of him.

EDITH ESTES, Richmond, Va.

One, two, three! No, I can't even think of three pictures in which a star wore glasses. In the picture, "Junior Miss," a girl wore glasses and they were very becoming. It's always the drippy boy friend who wears them or the girl who, when she takes them off, becomes beautiful.

Diana Lynn is an example of someone who is darling in them. Maybe all won't agree with me, but I would like to see a movie in which the star wears glasses.

PEGGIE CARNEY, Detroit, Mich.

This gripe isn't against pictures but against the houses in which they show. The present trend is to build theaters of such gargantuan proportions that only half the seats are at the right distance or angle from the screen. The screens are far too big for the front part of these large show houses. Recently I sat twelve rows from the screen, and John Wayne resembled a great ogre more than a man. Again in a very wide theater I viewed the show from a front and extreme outside seat. Greer Garson wasn't lovely this time, but looked like an overly thin witch ten feet tall with her delightful curves distorted into sexless angles. In such a situation the customer naturally feels cheated.

All this is not strictly Hollywood's business, but the big companies could encourage smaller theaters. In the long run I believe

(*Please turn to page* 17)



The lovely Hedy Lamarr plays a woman with an unlovely temperament in the Hunt Stromberg production, "The Strange Woman." Here she's seen in scene with co-star George Sanders.



You chased him behind that paper, Cookie

A trace of underarm odor can make any man beat a hasty retreat

BAD ENOUGH to have him bury his head in the newspaper. But it's even worse when his silence says, "Keep your distance, darling!"

What a shame ever to let a fault like underarm odor come between a man and a loving little wife.

So easy, instead, to remember a bath washes away *past* perspiration, but Mum protects against risk of *future* underarm odor.

Mum smooths on in 30 seconds. Just half a minute to make sure you're sweet—nice to be near all day or evening.

Creamy, snow-white Mum is harmless to skin and clothes. Won't dry out in the jar or form irritating crystals. Mum is quick, can be used *after* dressing. Get Mum today.

• • •

For Sanitary Napkins — *Mum is gentle, safe, dependable . . . ideal for this use, too.*



Product of Bristol-Myers

Mum

TAKES THE ODOR OUT OF PERSPIRATION



Photos by
20th Century-Fox

Kudos to "Anna and the King of Siam," in which Irene Dunne and Rex Harrison, backed by a fascinating story and sensitive direction, give performances of Academy Award calibre

—"A" for Achievement—







Irene Dunne, as the English schoolteacher, meets one of the King's sixty-three children whom she has come to Siam to teach. Through her gentle influence and advanced thinking, she leads the King (Rex Harrison) from barbarism to some measure of enlightenment. Women will applaud her as one of the first feminists. Men will admire her womanly charm.

Fans' Forum

Continued from page 15

profits would be as great, and movie fans better satisfied.

JESS BLAIR, Big Spring, Tex.

Did you ever feel that you had something pressing against your chest? Well I have, and I have to get it off.

I saw "The Spiral Staircase" and Dorothy McGuire's performance was wonderful! Her role of a mute was very impressive. Also, the few lines that she did speak were so emotional and human in their own way that they made me feel as if I were right in the room, instead of sitting in the middle row of the local theater.

My opinion of Dorothy McGuire has increased considerably since this afternoon and I wish to say that "The Spiral Staircase" was one of the best pictures I have ever seen.

DORIS A. NITTE, East Haven, Conn.

I have been reading for some time the letters published in the Fans' Forum and enjoy most all of them. This is a country where you are able to express a definite opinion about almost everything. To express one of my own personal opinions, I think for pure enjoyment I have never seen a picture I enjoyed more than "Junior Miss." I guess one reason I enjoyed it so much was I didn't really expect to. We were inside the theater before I knew what was showing and I distinctly remember how I groaned when I found out what was on. But honestly, I laughed until I had tears running down my face.

Those two little twirps in their first high heels, and their identical Christmas presents, (I remember when I did the very same thing), and their Boogie piano playing were *good!* How anyone could sit through that and be bored, I simply can't understand. And being a younger sister, who shared a room, I really appreciated seeing that situation taken care of.

I don't know the gross "take" on a picture of this type, but if it went over as big with everyone else as it did with me, it would pay to make a sequel. Whisper in the higher-ups' ears to keep the "pleasingly plump" little twirp in the next one. She was wonderful, and I didn't even know her name.

MRS. HENRY WASHBURN, Springfield, Mo.

EDITOR'S NOTE: For your information Barbara Whiting played the role of *Fuffy*.

HONORABLE MENTION

Congratulations to Bette Davis on "A Stolen Life." I was one of the first to see it in New York State and found it extremely interesting regardless of what the critics said. True, parts of the picture were incredible but look at some of the ridiculous pictures currently showing. Of course I realize that the critics are profoundly observant with Bette Davis because they expect the best from her. Therefore their opinions didn't hurt much, but nobody can deny Bette put some great acting into the picture.

I never have a complaint about Bette, anyway, because I find no faults in her acting. In the first place I have not (being a fifteen-year-old boy) seen any pictures which I understood prior to about 1941, so naturally I cannot compare her acting now with five years ago. As mentioned in this column previously, those who find it within their power to do so should release some old Bette Davis pictures for the benefit of so many people wishing to see them.

ARE YOU JUST A

Plaything of Nature?



Nature may endow you with breathtaking beauty, a lovely curvaceous figure. She may bestow gifts on you that make you a brilliant actress, a leader in your class at college, sought after at dances, or a charming wife and mother.

Yes, Nature may do all this. But even so—you may find your face mockingly slapped if you suffer these distressing symptoms which so many unfortunate girls and women do.

So if female functional monthly disturbances are causing *you* to suffer pain, nervous distress and feel weak, restless, so cranky and irritable that you almost turn into a 'she-devil'—on such days—this is something you shouldn't joke about. Start right away—try Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound to relieve such symptoms. It's *famous* for this purpose. And don't forget—Pinkham's Compound DOES MORE than relieve such monthly pain. This great medicine ALSO relieves accompanying nervous tension, irritability, those tired-out, mean 'pick-on-everyone' feelings—when due to this cause. Taken regularly thruout the month—Pinkham's Compound helps build up resistance against such distress—a thing any sensible woman should certainly want to do!

For over 70 years—Lydia Pinkham's Compound has been helping thousands upon thousands of women in this way. Don't you think this proof enough of its GREAT MERIT and CONTINUING SUCCESS! Pinkham's Compound is certainly *worth trying!*

Lydia E. Pinkham's
VEGETABLE COMPOUND





NEW FREEDOM!
NEW COMFORT!

New ease-of-use in these new and different

Meds-SLENDER

(Internal "safety-well" protection)





You who know the glorious freedom of modern internal sanitary protection, will welcome the new comfort and even greater ease-of-use of Meds-Slender. You who long to try new-fashioned monthly protection will find the new, slimmer Meds-Slender the perfect way to begin!

But—whether you choose the new Meds-Slender with regular absorbency, or the well-known Meds-De Luxe with super absorbency, you'll enjoy internal sanitary protection at its best! "Next time"—try Meds!

- "SAFETY-WELL" for extra protection
- COTTON for extra comfort
- APPLICATORS for daintiness

Meds only 25¢

FOR 10 IN APPLICATORS

Meds-DE LUXE with super absorbency

Meds-SLENDER with regular absorbency







Guaranteed by Good Housekeeping

Acceptable for advertising in the Journal of the American Medical Association



Jinx Falkenburg and her husband, Tex McCrary, join the ranks of "Mr. and Mrs." radio programs. You'll hear them—if you get up in time—discussing sundry events of the day on NBC.

Everything about Bette Davis fits perfectly in her career to make it more and more interesting. Her dramatic work, expressive and emotional hands, and ever comprehensibly clear voice attribute so generously to help maintain her obvious and lasting talent. I especially like the way she defies others by acting exactly as she pleases just for the benefit of the picture alone. I have never met anyone who appreciates her talent as much as I do. Undoubtedly there are many who do.

STANLEY HETTLER, Brooklyn, N. Y.

Even though I've never been West, it seems to me that there must be more going on than just bank and stage holdups. Then, for goodness sake, why is it that every Western movie is just a copy of the last one? And another thing, since when was there such a shortage of actresses that the public is given the impression that since Roy Rogers is always using the same horse, he automatically has to be cast with the same girl, time after time?

I feel sure that there are many young, attractive and talented girls who would be tickled pink if they were given a chance to show the public how well they can ride a horse or lasso a cowboy.

We all realize that Westerns, as a rule, are made, more or less, for the younger set. Yet you'll find just as many grown-ups attending a Western movie.

Hollywood is noted for doing fantastic things. Well, why not modernize the West a little? It certainly ought to be worth a try.

Here's another point that just occurred to me. Why does the so-called "bad man" always fight over money? Why can't it be over a woman more often? Youngsters are growing up fast in this phase of civilization, and a little bit of "mush" in a Western won't hurt any of them.

Since these are entirely my own views, I don't actually expect action, but I would like to know how Mr. and Mrs. Public react to my ideas.

MRS. HARRY WILSON, Lawler, Iowa

Last night I saw the show, "Danger Signal," with Zachary Scott. I liked it very much only I didn't like the way he died. I would rather see him end with the girl instead of falling off that cliff.

A couple of months ago I saw the show, "The Southerner," with Zachary Scott and Betty Field. I liked the way it ended. So

the next movie I see, I hope Zachary Scott doesn't play a murderer or get killed. He's a wonderful actor and my favorite movie star.

MARDELLE LAPENE, Merrill, Wisc.

Ever since the book "Captain from Castile," came out I have heard that it was going to be made into a picture. I hope it will be soon because it has so much action and color which is so necessary for a good picture.

But the question as to who is to star in it is what concerns me the most. In one magazine it announces that it will star Tyrone Power, while in another magazine it says Cornel Wilde will star. Personally, I hope Cornel Wilde gets the part. I don't think Tyrone Power is young enough for it. In the book, *Pedro de Vargas* is a very young, unsophisticated boy in the beginning and then gradually he changes into a rather worldly young man. Also I have heard a number of comments and read many articles expressing the idea that the stars who have risen during wartime only got to the top because Hollywood was so desperately in need of actors. I don't think this is fair. In Cornel Wilde's case there is no man in Hollywood who could have portrayed Frederic Chopin as he did. These stars who are new to Hollywood worked hard for everything they got and they deserve a good deal of credit for their splendid jobs of acting during the war.

But to get back to "Captain from Castile," I couldn't see anyone in the lead except Cornel Wilde and I'm sure many people share this opinion.

Thank you for this chance to express my opinion.

JAY GROOM, Roseville, Calif.

I have just come from a motion picture that has everything. "Dragonwyck" really packs a wallop, and I mean it! In the first place you've just got to hand it to 20th Century-Fox. They have put out some of the best pictures in recent months, using "Leave Her to Heaven" as an example. In the second place, the acting was something out of this world. Gene Tierney was her beautiful, delightful self, and Walter Huston was fine, but that Vincent Price—you've got to go far to beat that boy! I

(*Please turn to page* 24)



Lou Costello's Patricia Anne, aged 9, and Carole Lou, 7, celebrate Pop's 38th birthday with a surprise party on the set of his and Abbott's Universal comedy, "The Time of Their Lives." The cake has four candles because the girls remember celebrating only four of his birthdays.



"Quick, Mommy!

Us new housekeepers oughtta follow this hot tip!"

Mother: A hot tip on housekeeping? I could use it! All I *know* about housekeeping, I've learned just since Daddy got home from the Service!

Baby: A fine job, too! Well, here's the hot tip: Put "Lysol" brand disinfectant in the cleaning water, to *kill germs* . . . like "old hands" at housework do!

Mother: What! Is using "Lysol" *customary* in cleaning?

Baby: *Sure!* Almost *two-thirds* of all housekeepers use this real *germ-killer* . . . to help guard family health.

Mother: Then no more chances on germs, Toots. I'll keep *our* house "Lysol"-clean—*all the time!*

Every single time you clean . . . *disinfect with* "Lysol" Brand Disinfectant REG. U.S. PAT. OFF.



"Lysol" the floors: Just add 2½ tablespoons to each gallon of cleaning water. Won't harm floor finish.



"Lysol" tub, basin, toilet. Kills germs, helps remove stubborn stains. Disinfects. Leaves a nice clean odor.



More women use "Lysol" than any other household disinfectant. Don't ever risk being without it!

For **FREE** *booklet on fighting disease germs, write Dept. G-46, Lehn & Fink, 683 Fifth Ave., New York 22, N. Y.*

SOAP AND WATER== BABY

Mild soap and fresh water are just the thing for the teen-agers who want fresh, sparkling complexions

By Josephine Felts

IT'S THAT spic-and-span, well-scrubbed look that gets them everytime! So say important teen-agers on the screen. The most glamorous stars know that the real basis for beauty is a skin that's first and always clean . . . clean . . . clean.

Teen-age starlets like lovely Elizabeth Taylor accentuate their fresh, youthful charm by faithful use of their favorite toilet soap; for good looks, mind you; for thorough and scientific skin care; as well as for comfort and health.

I suppose the only way really to appreciate such a thing as a simple bar of soap—taken for granted in the best circles—is to be without it for a while. Although the one thing a good bar of soap does is to clean and it has no other ability or aim in life, cleanliness is so important to health as well as to beauty, that soap takes its place far up ahead of a lot of more high sounding beauty aids. Soap rates!

Skins vary in their reaction to soap. Very oily skins can be washed twice a day. A normal skin produces more oil at once after washing and should be washed once a day. Even the very dry skin can be washed once a day if you will use a good, bland, neutral soap. If your skin is dry, you should follow this cleansing of your complexion with a rich, creamy lather, by a thorough rinsing with warm water and at least fifteen minutes of good, rich cream.

It is no novelty that all of us need and use a good toilet soap. But sometimes it is not quite so obvious how important this small white-green-pink-yellow (or what color have you?) bar of cleanliness is to scientific skin care.

The skin is at all times throwing off impurities. It contains in itself a special oil to lubricate and soften the skin surface. This under normal circumstances is constantly being supplied. Usually normal skin oil is invisible but it catches impurities



Here is darkly pretty Elizabeth Taylor whom you will be seeing soon in MGM's "Courage of Lassie." Below, after a day on the set and in classrooms, Elizabeth freshens up with a good scrub. No smart girl ever forgets to brush her nails—of course, well-groomed nails are a *must*. As to ears—very, very important—never leave the job half done but go after them as thoroughly as the young star demonstrates at right and center below.





from the air. You can almost say the skin is getting dirty from both sides at once, outside and inside. And you cannot clean it by using water alone. Instead skins shed water.

Here is where good soap comes to the rescue. One of the first things it does is to break through the protective skin oil that films the surface of the skin and carry the rich cleansing lather right down into the pores. When you rinse the lather away after a good scrub it swishes grime and soil off with it; quite impartial as to whether the impurity came from outside or inside you. And there you are with a fresh, clean, oil-free skin. (Dry skins, don't forget the good creaming afterward, and hand lotion or cream is important to everybody no matter how popular, unpopular or in between they may be.) Special medicated soaps have been found useful by doctors

(*Please turn to page* 23)



The back of your neck is in the family, too! Film of mild soap on a washcloth and—whish!



Clean shining hair is an asset to any girl. Elizabeth arranges hers in becoming top curls.

Stops Perspiration Troubles *Faster*

THAN YOU CAN POWDER YOUR NOSE



Something new has happened to deodorants . . .
a super-fast cream deodorant that *stops perspiration troubles faster than you can powder your nose.*

Try new ODORONO Cream Deodorant today—works better because it contains science's most effective perspiration stopper.

Affords many other greatly needed blessings too—really protects up to 3 days. Will not irritate your skin or harm fine fabrics . . . or turn gritty in the jar.

It's excitingly different. It's the wonderful, new super-fast ODORONO Cream Deodorant.

NEW, *Superfast*



ODO·RO·NO

CREAM DEODORANT

39¢ Also 59¢ and 10¢ Plus Federal Tax

ODORONO ICE is back from the wars . . . 39¢

"Who said
Give in to
Periodic Pain!"



Not you? Certainly not! Because you, modern miss, *know* that functional pain of menstruation is quickly relieved by taking Midol!

Yes, these tiny white tablets are offered *specifically* to relieve periodic pain. Millions of girls and women accept them because they have learned that they help give complete comfort in three ways: *Ease Cramps —Soothe Headache—Stimulate mildly when you're "Blue".*

So you see it's easy to be comfortable and carefree! And, it's easy to have Midol handy, because drugstores everywhere carry it.

MIDOL

PERSONAL SAMPLE—In plain envelope.
Write Dept. H-86, Room 1418,
41 East 42nd St., New York 17, N. Y.

CRAMPS—HEADACHE—"BLUES"

★ **SONG POEMS WANTED** To be Set to Music
★ Publishers need new songs! Submit one or more of your best poems for immediate consideration. Any subject. Send poem. **PHONOGRAPH RECORDS MADE.**
★ **FIVE STAR MUSIC MASTERS** 605 Beacon Bldg., Boston 8, Mass.

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CHANGE YOUR FLAT BUSTLINE INTO A FULL AND ALLURING SHAPE

Don't suffer shame and embarrassment over a flat, undeveloped or sagging bust! Thousands of women just like yourself have discovered this safe, easy and positive way of bringing out their loveliest curves! Guaranteed harmless!

ENDORSED BY DOCTORS! All you have to do is follow the easy directions on massage, exercise, brassieres, diet, etc., given in this great medically-endorsed book, "THE GUIDE TO BUST GLAMOUR." By adopting this simple and wonderful advice at once, your bust will positively look well-rounded, youthful and firm . . . making you more attractive and desirable than ever! Amazing life-time results!

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Just mail coupon below.

NOW ONLY $1.00 — That's All!

GLAMOUR STUDIOS, Box 465-A, Baltimore 3, Md.
Send me "GUIDE TO BUST GLAMOUR" in plain wrapper. I will pay postman $1.00 plus few cents postage on delivery. If not satisfied I may return it within ten days and my $1.00 will be refunded immediately.

Name.....

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☐ CHECK HERE if you want to save postage. Enclose $1.00 with coupon and we ship prepaid. Canadian orders $1.50 in advance.

GUIDE TO GLAMOR



New beauty ways for midsummer to make you look and feel lovable

★

Back again after the war! Yardley's Old English Lavender — pleasantly cooling and garden scented.

★

ALL RIGHT. So it's hot and sticky and you feel anything but charming. But wait a minute, you can look cool and content in a jiffy. If not cool as a breeze, then at least comfortable and pleased with yourself and glamorous.

After a tepid morning bath, dust all over with Pond's new Dreamflower Talcum or Dusting Powder. These are brand new products marking the hundredth anniversary of the Pond's Company. The fragrance is light, sweet and very feminine; the package as you can see from the picture on the page has a gaily-flowered design banded in the familiar pale blue-green. It is a wise girl who keeps one of these within reach during the day to freshen up a bit.

Another warm weather charmer is Yardley's Old English Lavender which is now, after absence during the war, back in the stores. Try a rub down directly on your skin after your bath with this fresh and dainty toilet water. The warmth of the body will intensify the scent and give it even greater vivacity. As you know lavender is a delicate fragrance, one you never tire of. The man in your family may borrow your bottle now and then, for fastidious men have always enjoyed its unobtrusive freshness. They like it both on themselves and on you!

Tangee satin-finish lipsticks are back in handsome new metal cases. No need to tell you of the quality of Tangee in its stunning



Tuffenail, first aid for brittle, chipping nails, said to help make them stronger too.



Dreamflower Talcum and Dusting Powder by Pond's, delightful new packages just for you.

shades of Gay Red, Red Red, Medium Red, Theatrical Red and Natural. You'll be delighted with their slim and elegant brass case etched in a lace-like design. You'll be proud to take it from your handbag to use.

Some of Hollywood's loveliest actresses have affected a smart, all-over bronze look with Tone's Bittersweet Complexion Tint, Leg Tint and Body Tint, this summer. These can be used separately or you can give yourself an all-round devastating effect from head to toe. Bittersweet Complexion Tint brings a smart, sun-tanned look to your face instantly. With this advantage, that you can wash it off in a twinkling and have at once your own rosy or fair complexion if you like. It is easy now to be tanned during the day and fair for the evening.

We've found a very efficient aid for breaking, peeling nails. It is called Tuffenail and comes in a special applicator vial that is quick and easy to use. No, it isn't a sealer or a top coat. We're told it helps promote nail growth and helps prevent brittleness by stimulating the glands which control the growth of the nails. It helps make the nails stronger whether you are wearing polish while you use it or not.

And here is a quick-fashioned trick: sprinkle your freshly laundered cotton gloves with debonair-scented "Nonchalant" sachet powder before you slip them on. They're delightful this way and go on easier, too.

Soap and Water—Baby

Continued from page 21

treating skin disturbances but these are in a class by themselves.

Good toilet soap as you probably know is made of fine oils or fats such as palm, cocoanut, linseed or olive oil. Soap making is a fine, skilled art. The skill comes in knowing the proportions of oil and alkali to combine to turn out a bland, neutral product. Then when the soap solution is ready it is run through a huge dryer to remove much of the moisture. But here is something you perhaps did not know. All soap, even the ordinary laundry variety you wouldn't dream of putting on your precious complexion, contains perfume.

Large soap manufacturers employ dozens of research men and chemists to develop new facts about soap; improvements on soap (if possible); new soap products. Today they are working away like mad on synthetic soap products. It is at a point now where almost anything can happen. We may have new ways of keeping our complexions clean and beautiful almost before we know it.

Something to have come in the past from soap research is the well known and popular bubble bath. Most of them give you rich foamy lather for your tub and as you know help get you all over good and clean, without a soapy ring in the tub. (Junior, please copy.)

This brings me to a pet subject, baths. Baths are wonderful things and useful not only to get clean. One of my favorite Hollywood stars says that always since she was a little girl whenever family disaster loomed or when there was any crisis in their lives, she and her sister raced for the bath tub, each one trying to get there first. "We can think in the bath tub better than any place in the world!" she says.

Baths are of many kinds: cold waker-uppers; warm, after-work relaxers; hot smoother-outers. And every one of them is made more effective and enjoyable by that oh-so important, extra rich lathering, creamy and comforting bar of you-know-what!

Complete Hair Removal



Don't be content in removing only surface hair

Lovely femininity . . . why mar it with superfluous hair, so quickly and easily removed with *ZIP* Epilator, IT'S OFF *because* IT'S OUT. It actually eliminates the entire hair . . . and the results are far more lasting . . . leaving your skin satin smooth. *ZIP* Epilator is so bland, it can be used on the face, as well as on the arms, legs and body.

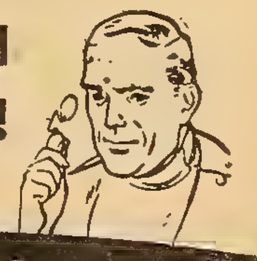
Sold at all good stores in two sizes.

Treatment or Free Demonstration at my Salon
Madame Berthé, Specialist
608 Fifth Avenue (49th St.) New York, N. Y.

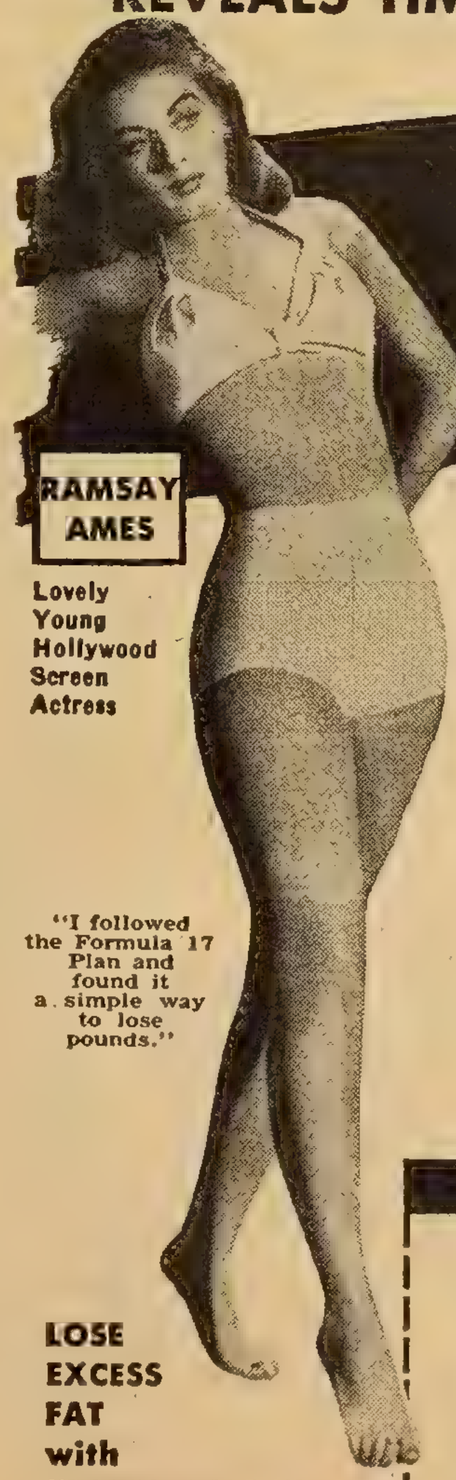
THE ODORLESS ZIP EPILATOR
IT'S OFF because IT'S OUT

The generous size package sent postpaid on receipt of $1.35

PROMINENT BEVERLY HILLS PHYSICIAN REVEALS TIME-TESTED REDUCING PLAN!



Reducing Secrets of HOLLYWOOD MOVIE ACTRESSES



The same successful plan that has cost Hollywood celebrities hundreds of dollars is now brought to you at low cost by their prominent Beverly Hills Physician.

IT IS EASY TO TAKE OFF THOSE EXTRA POUNDS. No harmful drugs or strict diet to leave you craving for food. No special exercise—no steam baths or massage. Simply follow this remarkable Formula 17 plan while enjoying three satisfying meals a day (with tempting desserts). Loss of excess weight should make you feel better—LOOK better—have more personality and sparkle. Noticeable results have been attained in a single week.

Be more Attractive—Appealing! Order

FORMULA 17 $5.00

Thirty Days' Supply postpaid
(Not recommended for excess weight due to glandular conditions)

SEND NO MONEY! WE MAIL C.O.D.!

(Or save C.O.D. Charges by enclosing check or money order. We pay postage).

MONEY BACK GUARANTEE!

DON'T DELAY! MAIL THIS COUPON TODAY!

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105 No. San Vicente Blvd., Beverly Hills, Calif.

Please send me my 30 days' supply of FORMULA 17, and complete reducing plan for only $5.00. I understand that if I am not completely satisfied after I have used Formula 17 for one week, I may return the remaining contents to you within ten days of receipt, and my money will be promptly refunded.

C.O.D. ☐ Check or money order enclosed ☐

Name _____
Address _____
City _____ Zone ____ State _____

GIRLS! Want quick curls?



EYES light on lovely hair and linger there when it shines in all its natural beauty. *Your* hair will be soft, sparkling, and lustrous when you do it at home with new different Wildroot Hair Set that replaces old-fashioned thick gummy wave sets. Does all they do and more! Light bodied, faster drying. It contains processed LANOLIN, leaves your hair soft, natural, and at its lovely best. Style your own distinctive hair-do quickly, without fuss or disappointment! And watch those admiring glances! Ask for New Wildroot Hair Set at your toilet goods counter today!



NEW WILDROOT HAIR SET

LEARN NURSING AT HOME



High school not necessary. No age limit. Send for FREE "Nursing Facts" and sample lesson pages. Earn while learning. Act now!
Post Graduate Hospital School of Nursing
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REDUCE
Or Money Back



Thousands have taken off pounds of ugly fat—safely, easily, painlessly—following Dr. Parrish's Easy Reducing Plan. Here it is:

Instead of your regular lunch, take 2 teaspoonfuls of CAL-PAR in glass of juice or any beverage. Take nothing else except a cup of coffee if desired. For breakfast and dinner eat sensibly and cut down on fatty, starchy foods. That's all! No exercises; no harmful reducing drugs; no strict diet menus. The very first box must satisfy you or money back.

CAL-PAR
30-day supply . $1.25
14-day supply . 65¢

FREE BOOKLET:
Contains facts you ought to know, including calory lists & weight tables. For free copy write Hood Products, 686 Broadway, N. Y. 12, N. Y., Dept. 76-K

AT ALL DRUG STORES

Fans' Forum

Continued from page 19

read the story, and that casting was excellent work. I couldn't imagine a better *Nicholas Van Ryn*. The performance he gave is Academy Award material. But then, *every* performance Vincent gives is of high calibre. But what made me angry was Walter Huston's name being in front of Vincent's when it was definitely Price's picture. As far as I can remember his performance was a polished, unique characterization.

As I watched the picture, I began to wonder if I would be wrong in thinking that after this picture he would be put in more and bigger roles. It's up to the studio to make use of his artistry. I hope they will!

RUTH ACKERMAN, Syracuse, N. Y.

Before I begin I wish to warn you that I'm no John Steinbeck when it comes to taking pen in hand and expressing my thoughts. However, the thoughts I wish to boost are not my own, but those of Margaret Walker, R. M. Delgrego, and Frances L. Goddard. When I read their letters in SCREENLAND I was filled with enthusiasm.

Margaret's idea of recording the voices of the stars and selling them to the public is nothing short of marvelous. I know I would snatch up a record of any one of my many favorites' voices. The studios who have big stars under contract are missing a bet if they don't take advantage of this angle.

As for R. M. Delgrego's suggestion, stars like Van Johnson and Sonja Henie, Betty Hutton and Danny Kaye being teamed as brothers and sisters is excellent in my opinion. I'm very sure this would go over big with the fans.

Last but far from least is Frances L. Goddard's idea of filming popular radio shows such as Bob Hope's, Jack Benny's, Frank Sinatra's and Danny Kaye's and showing them in place of the sore spot on the movie program—the added "attractions." As Frances pointed out, much too much of the fun is missed by the radio audience. This is especially true of such shows as Danny Kaye's where much of the entertainment consists of pantomime. I do hope these excellent ideas are given a chance.

MARY LOU THOMAS, San Jose, Calif.

Why can't exhibitors select short subjects of quality to accompany the better films? Nothing is more irritating than to be forced to sit through an inane comedy in order to see a chosen picture.

It is possible to fit the shorts to the tastes of those who come to see a particular film. Why not combine such classical music treats as "A Song to Remember" with a revival of the Ballet Russe shorts, "Gaite Parisienne" or "Capriccio Espagnole"? Why combine the showing of a really good "March of Time" or "This Is America" with a class B musical? Those who enjoy a cheap musical would probably rather see a slapstick comedy short anyway.

RAYMOND S. HILL, La Crosse, Wis.



Reunion. Fourteen years ago Paul Muni and George Raft played together in "Scarface," one of the first gangster pictures. They meet again on the United Artists lot where George is starring in "Mr. Ace," and Paul Muni is in "Angel on My Shoulder."

Don't Ignore These Symptoms!



HERE'S THE EASY, DELIGHTFUL TREATMENT

Women: Part hair, all over the scalp, and apply Listerine Antiseptic with finger tips or cotton. Rub in well. Carefully done, it can't hurt your wave. **Men:** Douse full-strength Listerine on the scalp. Follow with good, vigorous massage. Listerine Antiseptic is the same antiseptic that has been famous in the field of oral hygiene for over 60 years.

How to help safeguard the beauty of

Your Lovely Hair!

IT'S the simplest little precaution imaginable—yet so effective! Every time you wash your hair, just use Listerine Antiseptic. Massage it well in, on hair and scalp. That's all!

Thousands of fastidious women use this pleasant little treatment as a precaution against infectious dandruff, which bothers so many people. Women know that flakes and scales can ruin the smartest hair-do . . . utterly destroy the charm of beautiful hair.

A causative agent of infectious dandruff, according to many noted dermatologists, is a stubborn germ called the "bottle bacillus" (Pityrosporum ovale). Listerine Antiseptic kills this germ by the million! And does it in such a cool, refreshing way! You'll find the treatment easy, quick and wonderfully *clean*-feeling.

If Infectious Dandruff Starts

If those telltale flakes and scales persist . . . if you're pestered by intolerable itching—it's no time to delay. These things may be *symptoms* of infectious dandruff—a warning that the infection is already at work. Don't experiment with so-called "overnight" cures or greasy lotions. Don't wait till shampoo-time. Get going—*at once*—with Listerine Antiseptic—two treatments a day and keep it up. How wonderful to see flakes and scales start to disappear! What a comfort to alleviate that *itching*.

This twice-a-day Listerine Antiseptic treatment for hair and scalp has been *tested* clinically. Tested for a full month, it actually removed, or markedly improved dandruff symptoms for 76% of the sufferers from this embarrassing disease.

So help guard *your* lovely hair with Listerine Antiseptic treatments with every shampoo. Or, if infectious dandruff has gotten a start, give two treatments a day for quick, comforting aid. Lambert Pharmacal Co.

For Infectious Dandruff

LISTERINE ANTISEPTIC
and MASSAGE

Let's Celebrate!

...a summertime of joyous romance!
...a screen full of stars and spectacle!
...a story full of glorious new Kern songs!

JEANNE CRAIN
as starry-eyed JULIA!



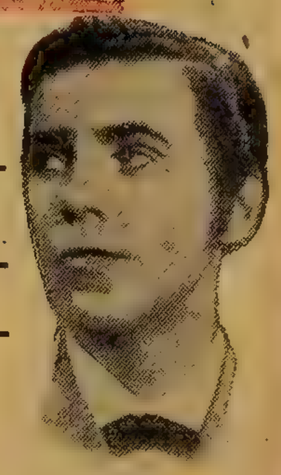
CORNEL WILDE
as fascinating PHILIPPE!



LINDA DARNELL
as sultry EDITH!



WILLIAM EYTHE
as good old BEN!



JEROME KERN'S

CENTENNIAL SUMMER

IN TECHNICOLOR



WALTER BRENNAN
as irascible JESSE!





CONSTANCE BENNETT
as man-grabbing ZENIA!



DOROTHY GISH
as lovely HARRIET!

Songs
BY JEROME KERN

"All Through The Day"
Lyrics by Oscar Hammerstein II

•

"In Love In Vain"
"Up With The Lark"
"The Right Romance"
"Railroad Song"
Lyrics by Leo Robin

•

"Cinderella Sue"
Lyrics by E. Y Harburg



Screen Play by Michael Kanin • Based on the Novel by Albert E. Idell • Music by Jerome Kern • Dances Staged by Dorothy Fox

Produced and Directed by
OTTO PREMINGER

20th CENTURY-FOX

The Editor's Page

A Tribute to the Hollywood Pioneers (on the 20th Anniversary of Sound in Motion Pictures)



The late Sam Warner, right, whose vision foresaw the great future of talking films. Below, Jack L., Harry M., and Major Albert Warner.



Warner Bros.' latest big musical movie, "Night and Day," includes Ginny Simms and Cary Grant (below) in all-star cast. Bottom of page: steps in the sound parade led by Warners: "Lights of New York," "Don Juan," and "The Jazz Singer" stills.

I'VE JUST come from a preview of "Night and Day," Warner Bros.' newest and most lavish musical. I liked it, and so will you—it's sumptuously produced, awash with stars, tinkling with those wonderful Cole Porter tunes. I couldn't help thinking what a very good way to "celebrate" the 20th Anniversary of Sound—yes, it's here. Whenever you watch and listen to a good movie today, you might give a passing thought to a day in April, 1925, when a man with imagination and foresight saw a demonstration of sound film. He was the late Sam Warner, of the Warner Brothers famed in Hollywood history today. He saw, back in 1925, the infinite possibilities of talking movies; explored, with his brothers, this new world of amusement magic; and eventually—in 1926, in a Broadway, N. Y., theater—an amazing new movie program was unveiled. It was John Barrymore in "Don Juan," with a Vitaphone (sound-on-disc) score, and some short subjects which were 100% all-talking. In October, 1927, "The Jazz Singer," with Al Jolson, opened. In it occurred the immortal line of dialogue uttered by Al: "Come on, Ma, listen to this."

In 1928 came "Lights of New York," the first 100% all-talking movie. That did it. The motion picture industry was rocked to its foundations. Sound was here to stay. The Warner Brothers, more or less calmly, went right on making all-talkies. They'd been right. They're still doing all right. Some of the most worthwhile as well as entertaining pictures that have ever come out of Hollywood come from their studios. They're still pioneering. Maybe it's their way of saying to us in the audience, "Thanks for listening."

Delight Evans









Ty the Terrific



At home with his chic and charming wif
Annabella—who's coming back to the scree
soon—and at 20th Century-Fox Studio in h
first film since the war, Tyrone is a happy ma



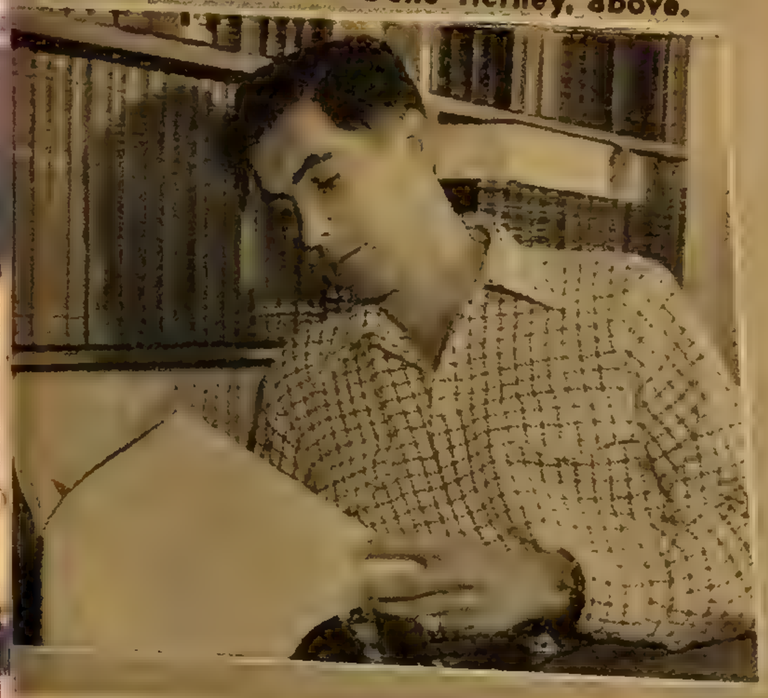
So we're overboard about Power! So wait until you see him in "The Razor's Edge"

THIS IS WHAT I BELIEVE

By Tyrone Power



onsiders his rôle of *Larry Darrell* in W. Som- Maugham's "The Razor's Edge" the finest as ever played. With Gene Tierney, above.





TWO things about this article surprise me very much: first, that the readers of SCREENLAND should be interested in the views of an actor on such serious topics; and second, that I have agreed to set down on paper ideas which I long ago swore to myself I would never discuss. People in the acting profession, by virtue of the fact that they are in a branch of entertainment, have their followings. It has always seemed to me that what any one of us believes about politics or religion should be his own private affair. Whenever an actor discusses his attitude toward politics or religion, he may alienate a certain percentage of people who feel differently.

However, we are going through a great wave of political and religious unrest. The shooting war is over, but the war in men's hearts isn't. During my three years in the service, I discovered that many servicemen, given more time for introspection than they had ever had previously, were groping about for something in which they could believe. One reason I was so anxious to make "The Razor's Edge" immediately upon my return from the service was because it seems to me that in *Larry Darrell,* whose faith in his old way of life was shaken by the first World War, Somerset Maugham created a character similar in his reactions to hundreds of thousands of ex-servicemen today. They, too, (*Please turn to page 92*)

Ty says in our exclusive article, "I think that love and marriage are here to stay, atomic bomb or not!"

Life Begins For HEDY LAMARR

WHEN Hedy Lamarr joined forces in a one-third partnership with Jack Chertok and Hunt Stromberg and decided to produce her own pictures, she was not just another movie star who didn't know what to do with her money. No, she was on the threshold of tasting real freedom. She was entering an era where she wouldn't have to walk through her pictures like a beautiful doll, just because bosses said she must. Beginning with "Strange Woman," Hedy began to live, and today she is more alive, more vibrant, more genuinely happy than she has ever been before in her life.

Hollywood broke Hedy's heart. She was labeled "a stick," "a face," "a puppet." Her pictures, one after the other, found her portraying female characters completely out of tune with both the

Hollywood broke Hedy's heart—almost. She was labeled "a stick," "a face," "a pretty puppet." But now, with a voice in the production of her pictures, she starts living again. Right, the camera lines up for a closeup of Hedy for "The Strange Woman." In the mirror is reflected Lucien Andriot, head cameraman on the new Lamarr movie, for release by United Artists.



By Alyce Canfield

Free at last! No longer just a beautiful doll, Hollywood's loveliest legendary lady steps into a new career as co-producer of her own pictures. First, "The Strange Woman"

real Hedy and the actress. Defenseless, she would appear in films much beneath her ability. Surely, no one who remembers the much-discussed "Ecstasy" can doubt that her acting ability is something Hollywood should have utilized. Hedy never liked that picture, not only because it was sensational but because it was exploited in a cheap way. Nevertheless, in "Ecstasy," she was a woman, an enchantress, a Lorelei. No one can deny it.

Later, came "Algiers," and again Hedy Lamarr—this time according to American rather than European tastes—burned into the consciousness of the movie-going public. She was intriguing, mysterious, feminine, desirable. She was not a paper doll. Hedy knew, even then, the type of rôles she could play to the hilt. But she never got a chance at them. While other smouldering actresses had parts handpicked for them, while Ingrid Bergmans, Jennifer Joneses and Vivien Leighs careened dizzily to the heights, Hedy's career existed on the memory of a girl who made the world believe in mad and brilliant love: the girl who flamed on the screen in "Ecstasy" and "Algiers."

One day, just before the close of her previous studio contract, Hedy picked up a can of kitchen cleanser. There on the label she saw her picture and a replica of the pin she wore on her dress. "So many labels will bring you an identical pin as this . . ." promised the message. Something rose up in her heart, something angry and frustrated. Because "the replica of the pin worn by Hedy Lamarr" was not something to be traded in for labels so far as she was concerned. You see, it so happened that when the pictures were taken of Hedy in costume, she had worn a pin her mother had given her. It was not only an antique; it was of great sentimental value. Naturally, many still shots had always been taken of Hedy. There was no way for her to know that any of these pictures were to be exploited in such a manner. It was a small thing, perhaps, the making of that pin into hundreds of thousands of replicas, but it was the straw that broke the camel's back. "Right there," says Hedy, steadily, "I decided to become a producer, so that I would have a voice not only in script and casting and what kind of a picture I would appear in, but in small things like whether or not

(*Please turn to page* 87)









Hedy describes the character she plays in "The Strange Woman" as "a sadist, tempting and feminine, but cruel." Yet she says "it's the easiest rôle I have ever had." Above and at left, in scenes with leading man Louis Hayward, supporting actors Rhys Williams and Moroni Olsen. Center above, Hedy with her stand-in of the past five years, Sylvia Lamarr. Similarity in names is actually coincidental.


"MOST VERSATILE"



Juvenile award winner Peggy Ann, second from left, strolls the studio lot with Loretta Luiz, Vivian Blaine, Shirley Doble, and Susan Blanchard. Latest Garner screen item: "Home, Sweet Homicide."

A LOT of things can happen in a year. Especially in Hollywood. Even more especially if that year has taken a girl out of the thirteen-year-old group and plumped her right into the fourteen-year-old bracket. For at fourteen a girl is getting along. She's practically grown up, and if you don't believe it, just ask Peggy Ann Garner.

Just about a year ago Peggy Ann accomplished something very few actresses ever do, when in portraying the heroine of "A Tree Grows In Brooklyn," one of the most fabulous best sellers ever written, she made the mental image not only of everyone who had read the book but of Betty Smith, the author herself, come to life in her interpretation of *Francie*. It was uncanny, people said. No one could understand how a thirteen-year-old could have the sensitiveness and the feeling required for such amazing characterization.

This amazing talent, coupled with Peggy Ann's forlorn little face, her wistful mouth and thoughtful eyes conjured up a picture of an introspective, booksy little girl mature for beyond her years.

(*Please turn to page* 96)

Portrait Of A Girl Growing Up

Now that she's fourteen,
ggy Ann Garner looks ahead to
"the person I want to be at twenty"

By
abeth B.
tersen









WHAT WOMEN WANT





These Frenchmen have a way with them! But Jean Pierre Aumont's conclusions upon the different approach of European and American men in romantic matters will surprise you

Now that Aumont is back from the wars, Frankie Boy and Van the Man will have to look to their swooners. Following "Heartbeat," opposite Ginger Rogers, Jean Pierre co-stars with Yvonne De Carlo in "Shahrazad" for Universal —see swoony stills at left above and on facing page. In private life he's the devoted husband of Maria Montez, above, and proud father of Maria Christina.

By Gertrude B. Shanklin

IT'S never been a secret that those Frenchmen have a way with them when it comes to romance, either on screen or off. So when a Frenchman pays tribute to the romantic qualities of American men, it gets into the "man bites dog" class of news, particularly when that Frenchman happens to be Jean Pierre Aumont. Not that complimenting Americans is anything unusual for Jean Pierre. He is wholehearted in his admiration of everything and everybody in America, and the feeling is mutual. Ever since his arrival in Hollywood six years ago, he's been winning friends and influencing people on a wholesale scale.

His first picture since his return from the war was "Heartbeat" with Ginger Rogers. If the behavior of the feminine contingent at the previews of this one means anything (and it certainly must—that's what they have previews for), Frankie Boy and Van Johnson will have to look to their swooners. At a Glendale theater, Jean Pierre was set upon in the lobby by a mob of admirers, and it took a whole group of studio officials to extricate him. When "Heartbeat" was previewed in dignified Pasadena, three cops had to pry him loose from the fans and assist him to his car.

Now he has finished "Shahrazad," a light romantic story based on an episode in Rimsky-Korsakov's life, at the time when he was serving as a cadet with the Russian Navy. With music, color, comedy, and Jean Pierre making love to Yvonne De Carlo, it sounds like just what the doctor would order for post-war jitters. If the fans get half as much fun out of seeing it as he did out of making it, everything ought to be all right.

With all his *joie de vivre*, Jean Pierre is also the soul of modesty. So when he was requested to give out for SCREENLAND with his views on what that certain something is, so dear to the feminine heart, which Frenchmen are supposed to have and American men lack, his first reaction was one of reluctance. Intelligent and thoughtful in expressing his opinions, he has a sense of humor that is always close to the surface and frequently bubbles over, to the constant delight of his listeners.

"I think it would be very conceited for me to make comparisons," he demurred, with a smile. "People would certainly say, 'Who is this jerk who thinks he knows all about love-making?' And besides, there is nothing wrong with Americans as lovers. They are very successful. I have seen that here, and I could see it in North Africa, and in Italy, and in France. The Americans always had the prettiest girls—and not only on account of the chewing gum they gave them, either.

"There is a big difference between the approach of European and American men toward women. I don't say at all that one is better than the other. I think there is no one approach that appeals to all women. Every woman has to be treated as an individual, and though most women are flattered by attention, I believe each

(*Please turn to page* 78)

SUDDENLY IT'S STARDOM!

For Guy Madison. How'll he take his new fame? Will he live up to advance predictions? The Madison fans, awaiting his next picture, "Suddenly It's Spring," opposite Shirley Temple, yell "Yes!"



Meanwhile Guy Madison obligingly poses for hundreds of publicity pictures; shows good-natured tolerance of interviewers; conducts himself in gentlemanly fashion outside studio hours; and learns a lot from his co-stardom with Dorothy McGuire, right, in "Till The End of Time," which RKO is now releasing. David O. Selznick's newest star is the talk of movie town.



Mr. Caesar CONQUERS HOLLYWOOD

Well, here he is, by your very special request! You saw him in "Tars and Spars," dubbed him "another Danny Kaye." Now, now, no odious comparison—Sid Caesar stands strictly on his own merits as a funny man

By Paul Marsh

THE mighty Julius Caesar made headlines in Rome when he came, saw, and conquered. History repeats itself because a present-day Caesar is doing much the same thing in Hollywood.

This Caesar—called Sid—is the comedy discovery who was introduced to motion picture audiences in "Tars and Spars." Sid Caesar is still so new to movie-goers that their curiosity about him seems insatiable. Instead of merely signing autographs when besieged by fans, invariably he must also answer a barrage of questions which are flung at him from all sides. He is constantly amazed and pleased at his reception into the motion picture world.

Naturally the brand-new comic is happy that Hollywood is clamoring for his type of humor, and he adds, "It's wonderful being called Mr. Caesar instead of Seaman Caesar. I'm keeping my fingers crossed!"

Mr. Sidney Caesar is one of three brothers who were born in Yonkers, New

(*Please turn to page* 82)



Sid and his pretty wife, above. Right, with Jeff O'Donnell in Columbia's "Tars and Spars." Second film for Sid Caesar coming up soon.



Jane Harker, Joan Winfield, Suzi Crandall, Liza Holland and Angela Greene, Warner starlets, above, cavort decorously for the photographer at nearby beach.



BEACH BAIT

Sure signs o
Summer whe
Hollywoo
lovelies see
out the su
in the lates
swim suit

Rita Hayworth, an animate
dream in white contrasting wi
her golden tan, takes time o
from the Columbia Studi
where she is starring in "Dow
to Earth," in which she retur
to a singing-dancing rôle aft
her dramatic hit in "Gilda

anis Paige, of "The Time, The Place, and the Girl," graces a suit
esigned for real swimming. Veronica Lake, center, prefers a luxu-
ous swimming pool to the beach any time. Angela Greene, far
ght, surrounded by comfortable equipment for a seaside holiday.

Jane Russell, starring in Hunt Stromberg's "Young Widow," braves the breezes and looks beautiful, as usual. At right, blonde honey June Haver of "Three Little Girls in Blue" soaks up the sunshine.





Dantine is a popular character around Hollywood. Eager, appreciative, he's never too busy to take a phone call.



Below: Helmut shares a springboard... Lakeside Country Club swimming po... with Janis Paige of "Her Kind of Man."



WHAT YOU MEAN IN MY LIFE

Helmut Dantine to his Fans

Stars don't appreciate what you, the fans, do for them? Read this frank declaration of gratitude from Helmut

By Gladys Hall

WHILE I was "personally appearing" at the Strand Theater in New York some time ago, Mr. Jack Warner, who is my boss at the Warner Brothers Studios in Hollywood, telephoned from there one night to speak to me. Down in the street, you girls and boys, you bobby-soxers, as you are named (*do you like that name, I often wonder?*) were calling me, too.

"We want Dantine!" you were shouting, do you remember? The noise you made, which was welcome and warm to my ears (I knew very well that if *you* were not downstairs, *I* would not be upstairs, in the Strand) was confusing to Mr. Warner.

"What is this," he asked across the 3000 miles, "this roaring sound that interferes with our connection?"

"Please," I said, (*Please turn to page* 89)


Helmut Newton

A BROWN-EYED, red-haired five-footer walked down a long sound-stage at RKO. She had to tilt 'way back her heart-shaped face to do the dialogue. Otherwise, six-foot-four James Stewart, who walked with her, would have been talking to the top of Jean Porter's head.

This was serious dialogue. Serious for Jean, because she was testing for the second feminine lead in the Frank Capra picture, "It's A Wonderful Life." There was a titter, among the audience, when they saw the sixteen-inch difference in height. But the titters quieted. This girl could *act*, the whispers ran. Capra said so, too. The meaty rôle was that of a silly girl, who is fifteen when the picture starts and disintegrates to a thoroughly no-good thirty-five.

Jean, who absorbs life with vitamin zest, was in one of her most excited moods. To act with Jimmy Stewart in his (*Please turn to page* 85)

The Legs On The *Cutting Room Floor*

By Lupton A. Wilkinson





Because she's five feet hi with a baby fa directors do take her acti too seriously. it'll be differe now, after h performance wit Guy Madiso in "Till the End of Time," left

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Joanne Crain's Future Plans

By Dora Albert

Hollywood's most beautiful bride tells, after the first six months of marriage, her most cherished hopes and plans for a radiant future







"I HAVE never been this happy before. Yet, except when I'm asked how I feel, I'm barely conscious of anything, I'm floating on such great big clouds! My life now is completely different."

That's Jeanne Crain the bride speaking, six months after her marriage to Paul Brinkman. And though you've thought her beautiful before, she never looked lovelier than when she made this statement to me. For there was a new, softer-than-ever look about her eyes. Her whole face glowed with happiness.

Having just finished her picture, "Margie," a few days ago, she had come in especially to the 20th Century-Fox commissary to have lunch with me and to talk about her future plans. And Paul Brinkman was with her, his dark eyes resting lovingly on Jeanne's happy, flushed face. "Paul always comes here," said Jeanne, "because I've told him what wonderful lobster Newburg the cafe serves. But whenever he comes, they're not serving it. Then, the moment he stays away, they serve that wonderful lobster Newburg."

I had to chuckle to myself. Lobster Newburg—what a transparent excuse for Paul to have lunch with Jeanne. Obviously, the two of them want to be together every moment that it's possible. And so lobster Newburg would serve as well as any other explanation for Paul's being there. Personally, I was happy that he had been able to come, because Jeanne is naturally shy, and without tall handsome Paul there to encourage her, I'm sure the interview wouldn't have gone off half so well.

Lunching together, they made a very handsome couple. Jeanne was radiant in the light green

(*Please turn to page* 79)







Love-birds, left, Paul and Jeanne Crain Brinkman, in their honeymoon nest. Paul is now head of his own radio company. Jeanne is busy at 20th Century-Fox Studios—just finished "Margie," with "Centennial Summer" (right, opposite Cornel Wilde) coming up. Other exclusive pix show the star (from top left) autographing for fans, enjoying musical evening, learning to make good coffee, sharing scene with Bill Eythe; in title rôle of 20th's "Margie."



GIRL FROM BROADWAY

From New York nightclub to Hollywood—familiar story? Not the way Constance Dowling tells it

By Michael Sheridan



You remember her, first, as the distinctive blonde with Danny Kaye in "Up in Arms." Now that yo caught up with her in "The Well-Groomed Bride," in which she appears with Ray Milland, left ab and Sonny Tufts, no less, you'll probably agree that Connie is a gal to keep in mind from nov

LOVELY Constance Dowling has the most embarrassing experience of her whole life to thank for what looks like a promising career in pictures. So sure was Constance that the theater was for her that, for one year, she lived a tremendous lie, and almost got away with it.

But one night the exciting masquerade came to a sudden and, at the time, bitter end. If it hadn't, and Constance is quick to admit it, she might be there yet: in the chorus of a Broadway nightclub, and strictly with one eye to keeping in line, and the other open for any talent scout that might happen along.

Only instead of a talent scout dropping in and casting an experienced glance along the line of girls to stop, of course, on the slim young miss with the honey-colored hair and deep brown eyes, it was the horrified gaze of quite some other people. Her parents!

"I was yanked bodily out of the line and dragged off the floor in the middle of a number and before a full house. Never did a girl pray as hard as I did then for the floor to open up and engulf me," says Constance. "But it didn't, and I only hope I never make as undignified or turbulent an exit in the movies as I did on that dismal, end-of-the-world night late in 1939."

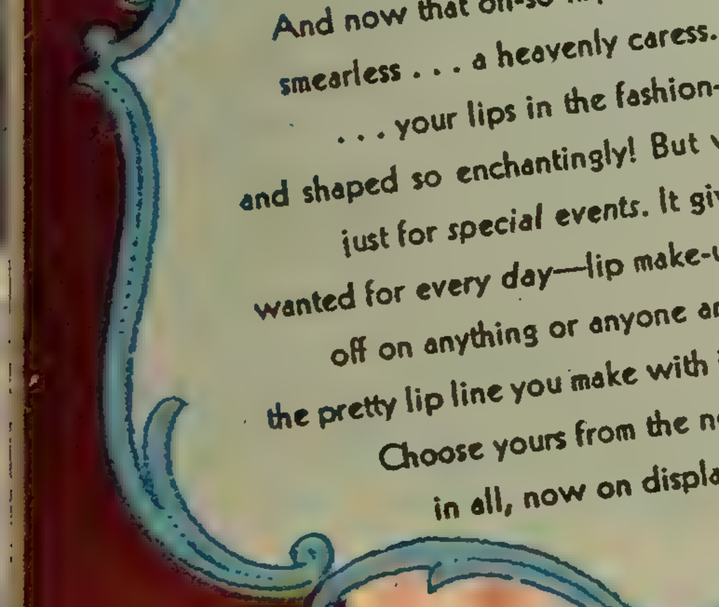
Of course no such thing is likely to happen if one is at all able to judge by

(*Please turn to page* 76)

The most important kiss *in your life . . .*

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Betty Caldwell, appearing in *The Strange Woman* starring Hedy Lamarr, A Hunt Stromberg Production produced by Jack Chertok.

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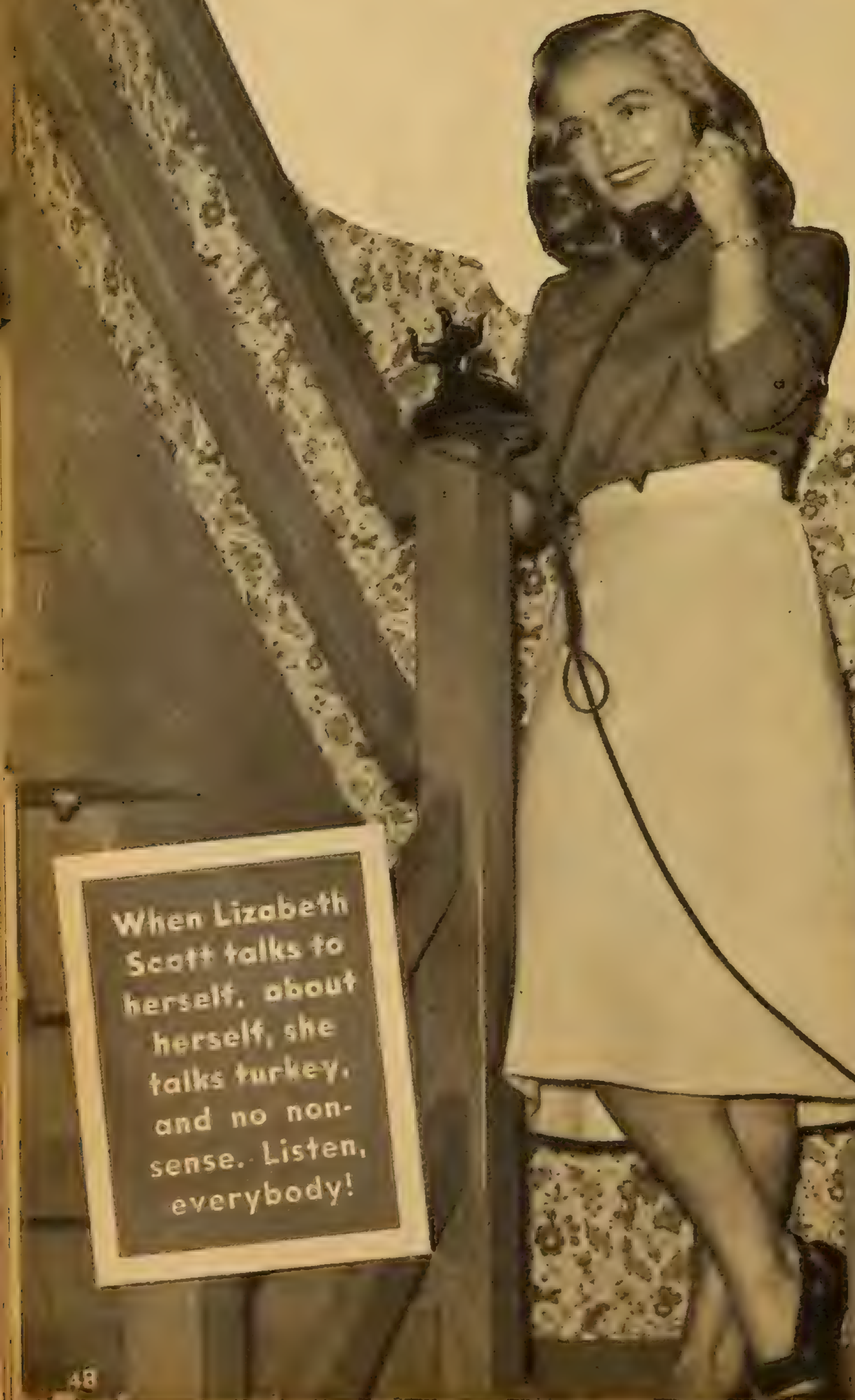
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LISTEN, SCOTT!



Exclusive home photos by Floyd J. Hopkins

By Robbin Coons

LIZABETH SCOTT has been in Hollywood one year and seven months. In that time she has made two pictures, precariously kept a roof over her pretty head despite the housing crisis, and caused enough excitement among fans to make any ordinary 23-year-old think she's Sheba, Cleopatra and Helen Hayes all wrapped up in one prize package.

But those fans needn't worry. Their Lizabeth is still talking to herself, and when Lizabeth talks to Scott she talks turkey, and no nonsense. It's the same way when she talks *about* Lizabeth Scott, too, as she did over a cup of coffee the other day.

The girl with the tumbled tawny hair squints her hazel eyes as if to scrutinize more closely the parade of words passing on a mental screen before her. "Forceful . . . obstinate . . . audacious . . . perhaps a bit arrogant. . . ." She makes quick gestures with her restless, expressive hands, as if literally picking the words out of the parade to lay them before you, each syllable wrapped in the dark-gold velvet of her deep vibrant voice. "I'm all those things," says this intriguing combination of poise and breathlessness, "but every now and then I haul myself up and I say, 'Listen, Scott!'"

What Lizabeth tells Scott on these periodic uphaulings varies with the occasion. Suppose, for example, she were tempted to get moody about her housing difficulties—which of course she isn't. Her discourse on that subject is gay: "I've lived in six different places," she says, "all of them sub-let from people who always came back. I've just moved again, and you must come see my new place when I get a chair or two. How tall are you? Six feet? Hm-m-m. Well, I think you can make it. The ceiling slants, and it's hard for a tall man to

(*Please turn to page* 94)

When Lizabeth Scott talks to herself, about herself, she talks turkey, and no nonsense. Listen, everybody!

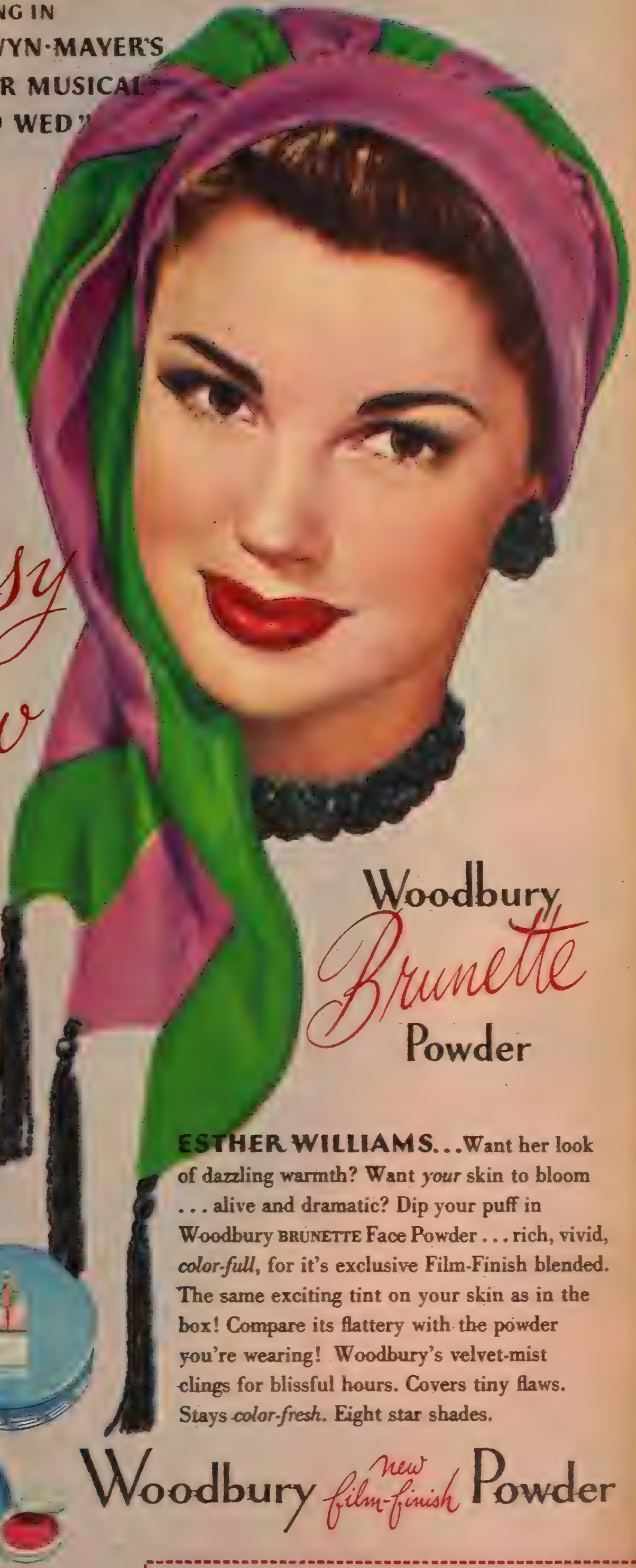


h lives in a two-room French Normandie
ed apartment in West Hollywood, after mov-
e times in one year. She took a two-year
n the place pictured here, which consists of
bination living-room and kitchen and a bed-
with a quaint, comfortable bunk-like bed. Yep,
stars do live like other people sometimes.





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STARRING IN
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June Haver confesses, "It was all a great disappointment" — though no fault of Lon McCallister, above, in "Home in Indiana." Eleanor Parker, upper left, received her first movie kiss from Gig Young in "They Died with Their Boots On." Loretta Young, left, was not yet fifteen when she was first kissed for "Laugh, Clown, Laugh." Now, latest osculation by Orson Welles for "The Stranger."

LOVE SCENES should have a background of soft music, silver moonlight and shadowy balconies. June Haver, who has at times written her own scripts, would add the scent of honeysuckle and the feel of satin under her fingers. That's how she dreamed of her first screen kiss.

This is the way it was: The picture was "Home in Indiana." The studio, for reasons of its own, took the cast to Kentucky on location. Now Kentucky has its romantic spots, but the site for June's first kiss was, of all things, a stable—a dirty, old, battered stable, smelling of horse and harness oil! Instead of satin, June wore a sports coat over a cotton dress, the coat thrown over her shoulders. Lon McCallister had to kiss her three times, and she, supposedly madly in love with him, had to respond with fervor. Lon wasn't hard to kiss, but oh, that coat! It would slip and slide at the critical moment, and the uncertainty of catching it before it fell made her dithery. Over and over they shot the scene, June suffering tortures meanwhile, her mind on the coat. "It was all a great disappointment," confesses June.

"Yes, the first kiss is apt to be disappointing," agreed Loretta Young, looking back down the years. She was not yet fifteen when she received hers. The picture, "Laugh, Clown, Laugh," had a circus background, and the man was Nils Asther.

Loretta had seen many silent films and read a lot about love; she had decided that the proper way to show you are in love was to heave and sigh. So she heaved and she sighed, she sighed and she heaved. After a time, Director Herbert Brenon came to her. "Look here, Loretta," he explained, "all that heaving isn't expressing an emotion. Stop it!"

"I stopped," Loretta remembered, smiling. "Nils was wonderful to me. He showed me how to underplay, and I've never forgotten his kindness."

"My first kiss was no disappointment," cried Joan Bennett. "I was kissed by Ronald Colman! I was seventeen, and he was the special heart-throb of girls everywhere. I couldn't believe my luck when I was cast opposite him in 'Bulldog Drummond.' Everything was new to me, and I might have been nervous, but Mr. Colman was so suave, so much my ideal actor, so good about showing me exactly

Who Kissed Them First?



Those love scenes! Just how do the participants feel, especially during that first screen kiss? Here's the answer

The first time Janis Paige, upper right, saw Dane Clark on the screen she got a terrific crush on him. Imagine her excitement when her first part in pictures was opposite that same Dane Clark in "Hollywood Canteen." He was the soldier going back to camp, she was studio messenger who kissed him goodbye. Right: Jeanne Crain and Lon McCallister, just good friends during "Home in Indiana."

By Ruth Tildesley

what to do that our kisses came off very well. In fact, our first love scene was quite an occasion—no screen kiss has ever seemed so romantic since!"

That's the way Dorothy Lamour had dreamed things would be when she was given the title rôle in "Jungle Princess" and told that Ray Milland would kiss her. "How utterly marvelous!" she thought. "I hope all the girls I know will see me!"

She wore a sarong for the first time; it was winter and she caught cold. By the time the love scenes were to be shot, she was running a temperature. All she could think of during the tender screen moments was would she sneeze in the middle of them, and would Ray catch her cold? She couldn't enjoy it at all.

Because Jeanne Crain and Lon McCallister had been dating each other for some time before they played together in "Home in Indiana," their first kiss was exchanged when they knew each other very well. "It seemed natural," laughed Jeanne, now happily wed to Paul Brinkman, "so natural that there were only two takes!"

Bonita Granville was sixteen when Bill Holden kissed her in "Those Were the Days." She had thought a lot about it beforehand, and listened carefully while her director explained what he wanted. Then she stepped into the scene. The kiss came almost at once, and Bonita tried hard not to look as flustered as she was.

"This is only acting. I mustn't be embarrassed," she assured herself, as the kiss went on and on and the director failed to call "Cut!" But she blushed. Then the kiss became much too much and the actors broke away, whereupon the crew whistled and the director nearly died laughing. Bonita blushed and blushed, and the more she blushed the louder the crew whistled.

Nice work if you can get it, thinks Lizabeth Scott, who declares that no girl was ever kissed under a greater handicap than she was in "You Came Along." It happened March 3rd, 1945, outside a hotel room of Mission Inn, Riverside, reproduced at the studio, when Robert Cummings gave her ten or twelve ardent kisses for long shots, angles and closeups from 9 a.m. to noon. Then Bob took off

(*Please turn to page* 84)

It isn't often we can give you informal shots around the lot of a star as important as Bergman. Reasons, too busy and absorbed in her work, too modest to be publicity-conscious. But working again with favorite director Hitchcock (remember "Spellbound") Bergman broke down, gave the camera boys carte blanche to catch her as is between scenes of "Notorious"

Sorta cute, the way Ingrid cuddles up to genial veteran director Alfred Hitchcock, as they huddle with her co-star Cary Grant on location for "Notorious." Grant is arguing a point in the next scene's action, but doesn't look as if he is getting very far with "Hitch."

Photos by Gaston Longet, RKO-Radio



"Let's play it this way," suggests Cary Grant over a cup of tea (he's British, y'know) while Ingrid and dialogue director ponder the situation. In new film Bergman wears modern glamor wardrobe for first time on the screen.



"Hold still, please," says makeup man Layne Britton as he applies "spiration" to Ingrid's lovely lips for scene, while crack camera artis Tetzlaff looks on to see that the application is proper for camera pur

★ ★ On the Set WITH Ingrid ★ ★



Big Three of "Notorious" at ease. Their latest picture deals with efforts of two U. S. Government agents, played by Cary and Ingrid, to break up an underground movement.





Bergman, all be-glamored, right. Like her this way? We do. Above, the price of glamor—constant attention from hairdresser Ruby Felker on the set. Left, preparing for a closeup shot, with Ingrid relaxing in soft quilted silk robe. Yes, it's a "new Bergman" you will see.







Tiny Margaret O'Brien has a fat, juicy rôle in her new MGM opus, "Three Wise Fools," directed by Eddie Buzzell. At left, Maggie with Thomas Mitchell, who plays her elderly servant. Above, with Lionel Barrymore, who plays one of her three unwilling godfathers—others being Edward Arnold and Lewis Stone, seen on facing page.

Short

Samples of the best celluloid entertainment soon to come









Previews

It's a field day for film actors in these offerings



Marjorie Hoshelle is a new personality you'll want to watch for with Gary Cooper in "Cloak and Dagger."



It's always a banner season in screenland when Gary Cooper makes a new picture. Here's "Coop," at right, in "Cloak and Dagger," the first production of a new company, United States Pictures. Above, Gary gets fightin' mad. Facing page, with his co-star, lovely Lilli Palmer, who is Mrs. Rex Harrison in real life.

Photos by Pat Clark, Warner Bros.



Your favorite film-fiction couple are about to visit your neighborhood theater again: Robert Young and Dorothy McGuire in "Claudia and David," 20th Century-Fox's sequel to the popular "Claudia."



Refuge from a rainstorm in a barn is the situation above from "But Not Goodbye," with Keenan Wynn and Frank Morgan kibitzing as Richard Quine (Susan Peters' husband) tries to dry Audrey Totter's damp tresses.

MORE *Photo Previews*



Errol Flynn in a new and rollicking mood —and welcome, too, in Warners' "Never Say Goodbye," with Eleanor Parker, left.



What the beach boys wore once upon a time, as modeled by George Montgomery for "Three Little Girls in Blue."

Errol does a Humphrey Bogart, below, for a gag in his latest film.







"Never Say Goodbye" is Warner Bros.' bid for audience favor in the bright and spoofing school of comedy movies. Besides Eleanor Parker and Errol Flynn, the picture boasts the stunning presence of newcomer Peggy Knudson, at left above, whom you may remember as the model in Bette Davis' "A Stolen Life." At right, above, Peggy shares a scene with that roly-poly funny fellow, S. Z. Sakall.

Accent On



Miss Landis, whose screen career takes a new lease on life with her witty, sparkling performance in Pressburger's "A Scandal in Paris," with George Sanders, models her smart new personal wardrobe, just for us. Above, beautifully simple black cocktail dress with surplice neckline and draped skirt. Right, Mainbocher-designed red crepe two-piece dress with embroidered chiffon dickey, topped by a printed turban which a friend brought her from Paris.

Photos by Charmante Studio, New York

Elegance

How Carole Landis of "A Scandal in Paris" achieves that soignée look



Simple navy blue basic dress, décolleté, with full skirt, can be worn several ways: here, at left, with a capelet trimmed with white embroidery; far left, across the page, worn with a heavily beaded apron, topped with a large, navy blue rough straw hat with high narrow crown.



Two dramatic ensembles: above, yellow satin draped pillbox, embroidered in gold beads and sequins, trimmed with a black feather fancy, worn with yellow satin gloves. Below, sideswept dinner hat made of layers of black net and trimmed with fuschia birds. Long lace and suede gloves, beribboned, complete the "lady look."





Miss Landis' clean-cut blonde beauty accommodates itself to almost any shade or color. She wears white, black, beige equally well. Above, just one reason Carole could be labeled "The Hat": lacy beige straw with postillion crown, trimmed with a large flame-colored bow, a knot of black velvet and a filmy veil.



Carole Landis believes hair-dos should complement the hat. Accordingly, when wearing the beige felt sailor pictured above, she fluffs out her shining blonde tresses in sharp contrast to the neat roll she wears with the other bonnets. This sailor is trimmed with red and black feathers and fishnet veil.





To the costume ball at Atwater Kent estate came two hundred film celebrities—all decked out as somebody else! Above left, you'd never guess that's Cornel Wilde behind the napkin and under the Russian cap—or would you? His wife carries on the conversation with Marie McDonald, as Scarlett O'Hara. At right, Virginia Maya and Michael O'Shea dress as characters from Hollywood's "wide, open spaces."

Gossip by Weston East

MARRIED a year and cooing like turtle doves, that's what goes with the Humphrey (still on suspension) Bogarts. They came in off their boat long enough to celebrate by taking the Peter Lorres out for dinner. Bogey gave his bride a heart-shaped, garnet-studded gold locket. Inside was a picture of you-know-who, which faced a snapshot of "Harvey," their Boxer puppy. Mrs. B. gave him a gold medallion, to hang with that gold toothpick and gold whistle on his watch chain. Inside the medallion was a magnifying glass. What for? We wouldn't be knowing either.



IT HAPPENED at a beach resort up the coast, where Clark Gable was spending his holiday. In the middle of the night he heard a strange noise in his room. It stopped, then grew even louder. Clark finally called down to the desk and asked them to send up the house detective. They did. And what they found was a mouse caught in a trap that had been hidden under what-a-man Gable's bed!

WHEN you see "Lady in the Lake," Bob Montgomery's first directorial effort, be sure and watch for an actress named Nina Ross. She'll be playing a small part, so she may not make much of an impression in her first movie. But her makeup woman is one of the most celebrated in Hollywood. (Local union, please note.) Nina is actually Greer Garson's mother. On the first day of shooting, Greer,

Belita, at far left, and Joel McGuiness, now on their honeymoon, come as Apaches—the French not the Indian variety, natch! Below, Greg Bautzer and Marguerite Chapman dress as *Lil Abner and Daisy Mae;* Esther Williams and husband Ben Gage as senors from South of the Border admire Marilyn Maxwell's prize for her most unusual costume.







John Payne and Gloria DeHaven add more color as rootin', tootin' cowhands, go into an act for the especial amusement of Evelyn Keyes and Robert Stack. A spat between Senor and Senora? No, Esther Williams and Ben Gage are showing their assumed Latin spirit strictly for fun—and cameraman.

Here's Hollywood

who wasn't working that day, was in the makeup department at 6 a.m. She wanted to make sure they did right by her Ma and upheld the Garson tradition.

WE COULDN'T be sorrier and only hope the Jack Carson separation is just a temporary one. For some time now we've heard complaints from Jack's co-workers. They feel his success on the radio and screen has effected the size of his hat. Whether this has any effect on his domestic life, we wouldn't be knowing. He couldn't find a sweeter girl than Kay St. Germain, who was once the canary on his program. Recently

A yodel boy from the Tyrol is John Dall, who re-enacts granny's favorite tintype pose with Marilyn Maxwell. Atwater Kent, the host, presents Marie McDonald, below and at right, the prize for the most beautiful costume, while Rudy Vallee acts as m.c.







The new Mrs. Louis Hayward, the former Peggy Fields, above, gives her husband an adoring look.

the Carsons had their second child. It wasn't so long ago that Jack was the "fat boy" and the "happy heel" in those unpretentious RKO pictures. We've always thought he was a very grateful guy, certainly a most talented and hard-working one. Here's hoping Jack Carson remembers a lot of things before it is too late.

JOAN CRAWFORD, who never gives big parties, really went the works on a welcome to Hollywood for Viveca Lindfors, the new Swedish importation. There was a dance floor, orchestra, bar and complete buffet service, all under a huge cellophane tent in Joan's yard. Every guest showed up but Bette Davis and Clark Gable. Believe it or not, Bette got smacked in the head with a moving camera and went to Laguna Beach to recuperate. Clark didn't get back in time from a fishing trip. Cutest couple present was Ann Blyth and John Compton, the "daughter" and "son-in-law" of "Mildred Pierce."

JOHN DALL has a wonderful new contract with David Selznick. But we're wondering why everyone is being so secretive over the casting of John to play *Laurie* in the remake of "Little Women." He's all set and it's perfect casting for Louisa M. Alcott's unforgettable novel. Jennifer Jones and Shirley Temple are all set for it too. The day he left for a New York vacation, John had to decide which of three studio offers was the most attractive. The ink was still wet on the Selznick contract when John's plane took off.

Little Miss Denise Loder, center above, celebrates her very first birthday on the set with her parents, Hedy Lamarr and John Loder. Constance Bennett, above, with her new husband Colonel John Coulter; at right, Zachary Scott and his wife at the Mocambo



Anne Baxter is the happy Mrs. John Hodiak now, and Hollywood is pleased about it, too.

ACCORDING to Rita Hayworth's Columbia bosses, when Orson Welles directs a picture on that lot, she hopes they'll allow her to star in it. *We* hope we'll be around to watch and it's our guess that it will never happen.

WE LOVE the advertising slogan of that new Hollywood health emporium. It's for women only and they modestly guarantee: "A Jane Russell in every home." Not a bad idea, or — we can dream, can't we!

TOO BAD Warner Bros. decided to give Helmut Dantine his release, after he had gone to Vienna to visit his family. A few weeks previously the studio refused to loan him to the celebrated Katharine Cornell, who wanted Helmut to play opposite her in a New York stage production. Aside from being a great compliment to Helmut, it would have been such a wonderful opportunity for him to face his public again. He hasn't worked in over a year, simply because they had no parts for him.

WHEN CORNEL WILDE made "A Song to Remember," he had to memorize Chopin's music on the piano. The same applied to Bob Alda in "Rhapsody in Blue" and now it's Bette Davis who is memorizing Beethoven and Haydn for the piano-playing scenes in "Deception." All of which gave someone the brilliant idea of asking all three of these stars to give a public recital. The proceeds would go to charity. We'd certainly buy tickets, wouldn't you?







That very popular bachelor and movie favorite, Peter Lawford, center above, makes it dancing date with Linda Christians. Above, the Willard Parkers and Alan Ladds. Jeanne Crain and Paul Brooks, left, have something to look happy about—a coming blessed event.



Columbia's star, Adele Jergens, next to be seen in "Down to Earth," is escorted to première by Robert Scott.



Olivia De Havilland, who made such a hit in "To Each His Own," and Gregory Peck, who has too many film commitments to mention, autograph for fans during rehearsal of a recent radio broadcast.

WE HOPE Mr. Zanuck isn't listening, but we heard that Tyrone Power wouldn't mind bidding a fond farewell to his present contract at 20th. Not that he's unhappy there. It's just that he isn't making the money his name would draw on an independent percentage deal. Being only human like the rest of us, Ty would naturally like to cash in while the cashing's good.

JOAN CRAWFORD and Greg Bautzer, both of whom could write a book on romance, are doing a bit of collaborating themselves. It's not a strictly new friendship, however. Joan first met Greg when Lana Turner brought him to her house several years ago. He was the big moment in ever-lovin' Lana's life then. Joan and Greg met again at a party recently. He was celebrating his release from the armed forces. She was celebrating because there was a terrific new boy friend in her life, a bronzed gentleman by the name of "Oscar." They've been seeing each other ever since.

THE TRAGIC death of Mrs. David Niven has all of Hollywood putting special locks on doorways leading to the cellar. It happened when a group at Tyrone Power's house were engaged in a game of "Sardine," the Hollywood version of hide-and-go-seek. David's lovely wife opened the wrong door by mistake. It was Cesar Romero who found her at the bottom of the steps where she had fallen. It's too ironical that the Nivens should escape from those years of London bombing, only to meet such a fate in Hollywood.

NO ONE knew that Ronald Colman was an artist (with paint and brush, that is) until he called on the Adolphe Menjou's. Mrs. M. is a bit of a paint slinger herself. Recently she commissioned Helen Conway to do one of her super de luxe decorating jobs on her new studio. When Ronnie saw it he was so entranced he begged to have one just like it. Verree Menjou was flattered, Helen Conway got a wonderful new commission, and Colman was as happy as a kid on the last day of school.

GEORGE SANDERS, who, like Noel Coward, thinks women should be treated like a gong and struck regularly (anyway he *pretends* to think this way) will probably speak more carefully in the future. On the "Scandal in Paris" set, George received a letter from the President of the Associated Women's Clubs, upbraiding him for his treatment and attitude toward women. It's just a big act with George, one that Hollywood got wise to a long time ago. But it certainly rated him attention.

TYPICAL of Hedy Lamarr's generosity, when she learned one of the burglars was only 16, she begged the police to be merciful. However, life for Hedy is ruined as far as her isolated hilltop home is concerned. All her recovered furs are now in storage. Her jewels are in the vault. She's put the house up for sale because, out of sheer nervousness, she can't sleep. As soon as she finishes shooting on "Dishonored Lady," the doctor has ordered a complete rest and change of scenery for the beautiful one.

IN HER new setup with Enterprise Productions, Ginger Rogers is reported to receive a mere $175,000 per picture. And wait — also 40% of the profits, and she *still* has her picture-a-year deal with RKO. Well, at least this ought to keep the poor kid in lipsticks! Amusingly enough, just about the time this news leaked out, a Hollywood commentator on an air show announced that Ginger Rogers was *through!* We should be so through. Unquote.

The James Dunns, left, Veronica Lake and husband Andre De Toth, right, are among the interested spectators at ice show.









Raines, said to be romantically interested in Ro
ameron, lavishes a smile on Major Hastings of Air Force



Back on the Hollywood scene, Jackie Cooper takes h
wife to première with Reno Browne and Jimmy Taggar



Above, Wild Bill Elliott with wife at a teaparty ! Belo
Don Barry holds hands with girl-friend Helen Talb



Sa

Nanc Guild

(Pronounced "Guile")



Loveliest newcomer, now to be seen in "Somewhere in the Night," combines the qualities of Lauren Bacall and Lizabeth Scott, with overtones all her own

Portrait b
Frank Powo

★

20th Century-Fox h done it again! The pr ducing company whic picked such stars a Gene Tierney, Jeann Crain, and June Have now presents Nanc Guild, a sweet yet sul try youngster of th streamlined-model typ who proves, in her firs picture with John Ho diak (left) that she ha what it takes for star dom. That rare article a native daughter o Hollywood, Nancy wa "discovered" by a pic ture magazine photog raper while attending the University of Ari zona. Casting directo Rufus LeMaire saw the resulting layout, signed Nancy fifteen minutes after she entered his office for an interview.

★



Zoltan Korda, director, and Greg Peck iron out some technical difficulties. Greg's suit is sample of well-dressed hunter's uniform.



Preparations for the big event shows co-stars Gregory Peck and Joan Bennett choosing their weapons — for the lion hunt, that is.



Reginald Denny and Gregory Peck have time to discuss the day's news while cameras are being set up. Plenty of food for thought, son.

BIG GAME HUNTERS

Over on the United Artists lot a bunch of Ernest Hemingway's characters in "The Short and Happy Life of Francis Macomber" are collaborating on a film version for Bogeaus-Robinson

At right, Greg Peck, as an expert hunter in the lion country, confers with Robert Preston, playing his first role since Army service.



That powerful hunk of man, six-feet-one-inch, 180-pound Robert Mitchum whom you first acclaimed in "The Story of G.I. Joe," takes time out from his RKO Studios chores to enjoy a little private life with his pretty wife, Dorothy, and his younger son, Christopher. Jim, going-on-five, had to go to school. Best anecdote about the absent Jim: when Bob took him to Schwab's, the famous drugstore in Hollywood, he asked, "Could I have a beer?"

MEET THE MITCHUMS

Three of 'em, that is. Bob Mitchum's older boy, Jim (called Josh) couldn't stay home from school while these pictures were taken, much to his regret







★

These pictures of Bob are no publicity gag. He's really an outdoors guy. Likes to build brick walls same as a certain celebrated Englishman. Handy with tools; repairs the kids' toys, makes new ones—kiddie cars, boats, wagons. "The man with the most immoral face," as some wag called him, is really a sentimentalist who'd rather play with his kids than do love scenes with a movie starlet. He's the real thing, Robert Mitchum is. See him next in "Till the End of Time."

★





Exclusive photos by Alex Kahle, RKO







BING

On opposite page, Bing supervises Olga San Juan, the starlet he considers one of the brightest on the Hollywood scene, in a song number for their new picture. Below, Olga finds time to talk to her beau, Carlos Ramirez, on the set telephone. At left and across top of pages is the something new which has been added—Bing doing the "Cuba" song and rhumba numbah with Olga as dancing partner.



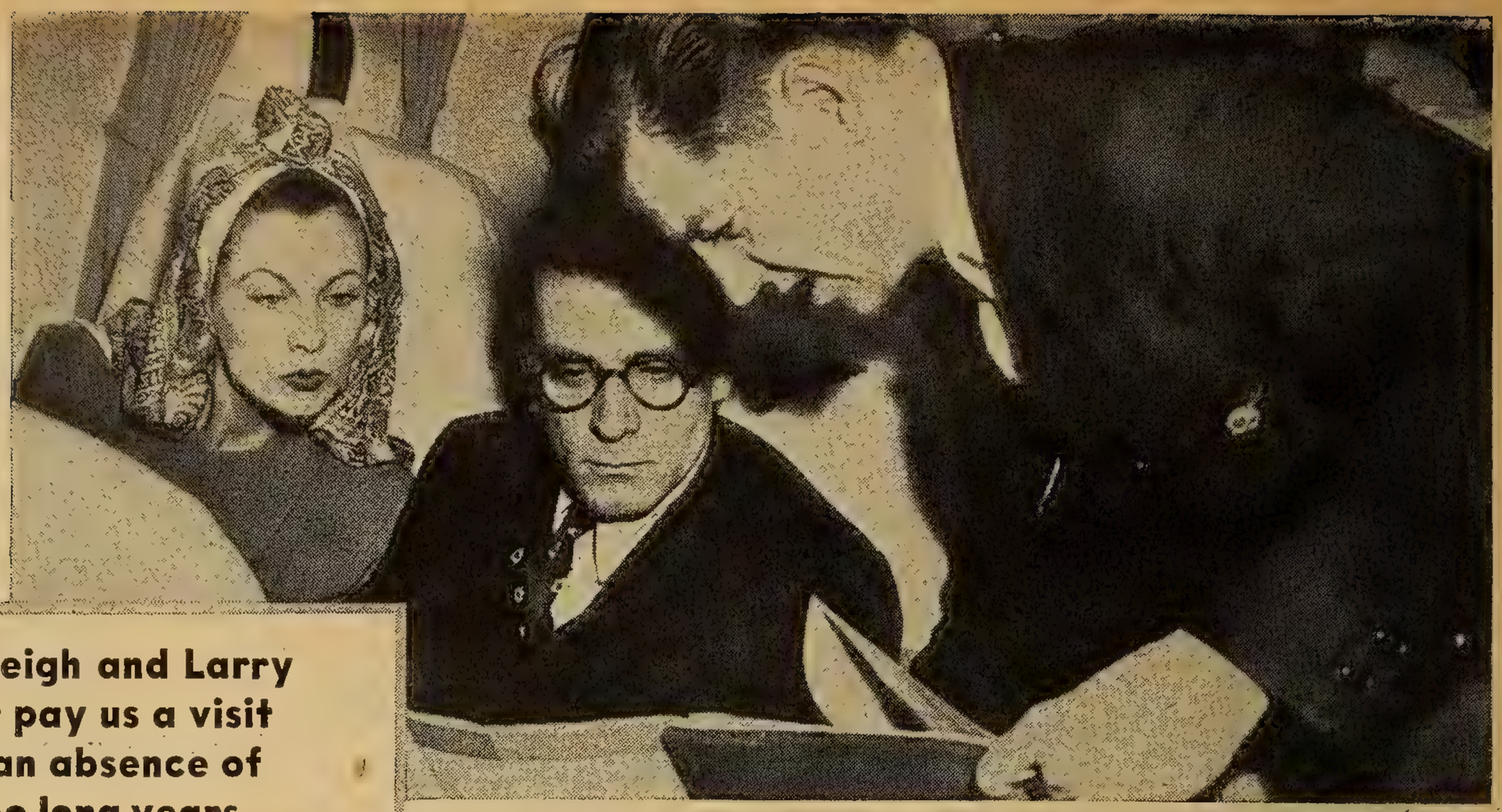


In Rhumba Time

Something new has been added to

Bing Crosby's artistic talents in

Paramount's "Blue Skies



Vivien Leigh and Larry Olivier pay us a visit after an absence of six too long years

Vivien and Larry, below, drink a toast to each other on American shores. Their two magnificent movies—Vivien's "Caesar and Cleopatra," and Larry's "Henry V" for United Artists release—are the toasts of the town. Above, Larry Olivier puts on horn-rimmed specs to scan the air schedule which the steward is showing him and Vivien.

WELCOME BACK LAURENCE AND







Above, Laurence Olivier with guests at party given in his and Vivien's honor. On his right is Joyce Redman, one of the leading ladies of Old Vic company which recently appeared in New York; on his left, Mrs. Cornelius Vanderbilt Whitney. Above, Gertrude Lawrence, famous actress, welcomes the two guests of honor. Below, Vivien greets America from the window of the Constellation.

VIVIEN OLIVIER!











A science professor who lends his knowledge and skill to the O.S.S. (Office of Strategic Service) during the war is the rôle Gary Cooper plays in "Cloak and Dagger," co-starring the lovely wife of Rex Harrison, Lilli Palmer, seen at right and below with the star and Polly Craus, script girl and woman fencing champion. Above left, Humphrey Bogart visits Gary and Fritz Lang, director, on the Warner Bros. set; and Marjorie Hoshell, featured in the film, bones up on her dialogue.

During Business Hours With GARY

"Captivating!"

says Mrs. Gary Cooper,



MRS. GARY COOPER—
beautiful wife of one of Hollywood's most distinguished stars.

"And that's why GAY-RED is a sell-out in Hollywood."

Wherever the elite of Hollywood gathers...you'll see alluring Tangee lips capturing admiring glances. Usually the cause of all the excitement is the thrilling new hit-color—Tangee Gay-Red. So let *your* lips go gay with Gay-Red, the light-hearted, carefree lipstick color *that gives you a lift!* And don't forget—Gay-Red comes in Tangee's exclusive Satin-Finish—long-lasting and lovely-to-use.

Cake Make-Up that Thrives on Hot Weather!

Look cool and inviting all summer long...by using the new Tangee Petal-Finish Cake Make-Up. This Tangee triumph does not get "streaky" from perspiration—lasts for *extra hours* no matter what the weather man says.

Presented in six fascinating shades.

CONSTANCE LUFT HUHN,
Head of the House of Tangee and creator of the world famous Tangee Gay-Red Lipstick and Petal-Finish Cake Make-Up.

Use Tangee...

and see how beautiful you can be

Girl from Broadway

Continued from page 46

her movie efforts—in Samuel Goldwyn's "Up in Arms," with Danny Kaye; "Knickerbocker Holiday," with Nelson Eddy; with Sonny Tufts and Ray Milland in "The Well-Groomed Bride," and with Dan Duryea in "The Black Angel."

It all began when she was sixteen. "I had been studying dramatics at Wadleigh High School," said Constance, "and if ever there was a student with the theater in her blood who made less progress than Connie, I would like to know her name. In those days I always muffed my lines, put on my makeup wrong, and even slipped on costumes that were meant not only for other rôles but for other plays. My parts became smaller and smaller, until I ended up by merely walking on in 'Midsummer Night's Dream.' No, I'm afraid I wasn't an actress to be proud of as far as Wadleigh High was concerned."

Yet, all in all, the lessons were successful enough, along with her exquisite figure and looks, to land her a spot in the chorus on the first try-out. Only she had to lie about her age, and then there was the small matter of squaring the whole thing with her parents. They, and how well she knew it, would never approve.

"So I built up an elaborate story about working nights as a telephone operator," went on Constance, wryly. "I made it so convincing that they weren't at all suspicious. Still, for almost a year, I was on pins and needles that they might find out. But the hoax seemed to work, and then, when I lost a lot of my fears, the bottom fell out of my world. One night a neighbor happened to look over the rim of his onion-soup plate and almost choked at what he saw. Me! The rest you know; it was only a matter of hours before my parents caught up with me."

It seemed, then, that the stage as a career for Constance was all over and done with. But not quite. "For months afterwards at the club the girls would shake their heads sadly and say, 'Whatever became of Connie?' I could have told them. But instead of running to them for consolation I dried my tears, kept my dreams to myself and waited until an appropriate moment came along to speak clearly and truthfully to my parents."

That just such an auspicious occasion soon occurred is evidenced by the fact that the Dowlings, Russian on the father's side, and completely Irish on the mother's side, relented and allowed Constance to pursue her goal. Only, they insisted, it had to be with a little less effort than kicking up the dust on a nightclub floor. So Constance set about making the rounds of agents and producers. Not for long, though. She discovered that she was merely a drop in the Broadway bucket of new blood, talented and otherwise, but always beautiful, always eager, always personable. Crowds sitting patiently in the anterooms day in and out, Constance realized, were not for her. She had a better idea.

"I thought that if I could get myself a job as an usherette at the Belasco Theater I might meet some actors, playwrights, managers," said Constance, laughingly. "It was quite some time before I did, though. In the meantime, I was having a lot of fun and learning a great deal. After the performances we would repair to the rehearsal hall and give imitations of the various members of the cast. On those occasions we'd go very Art Theater, very Stanislavsky-ish, and as time went on our mimicry took on a lampooning, grotesquely caricaturistic quality. It was while I was giving out with a particularly violent rendition that Harold Clurman, the director, walked in and caught us at it. That, I can tell you, didn't help my future chances any."

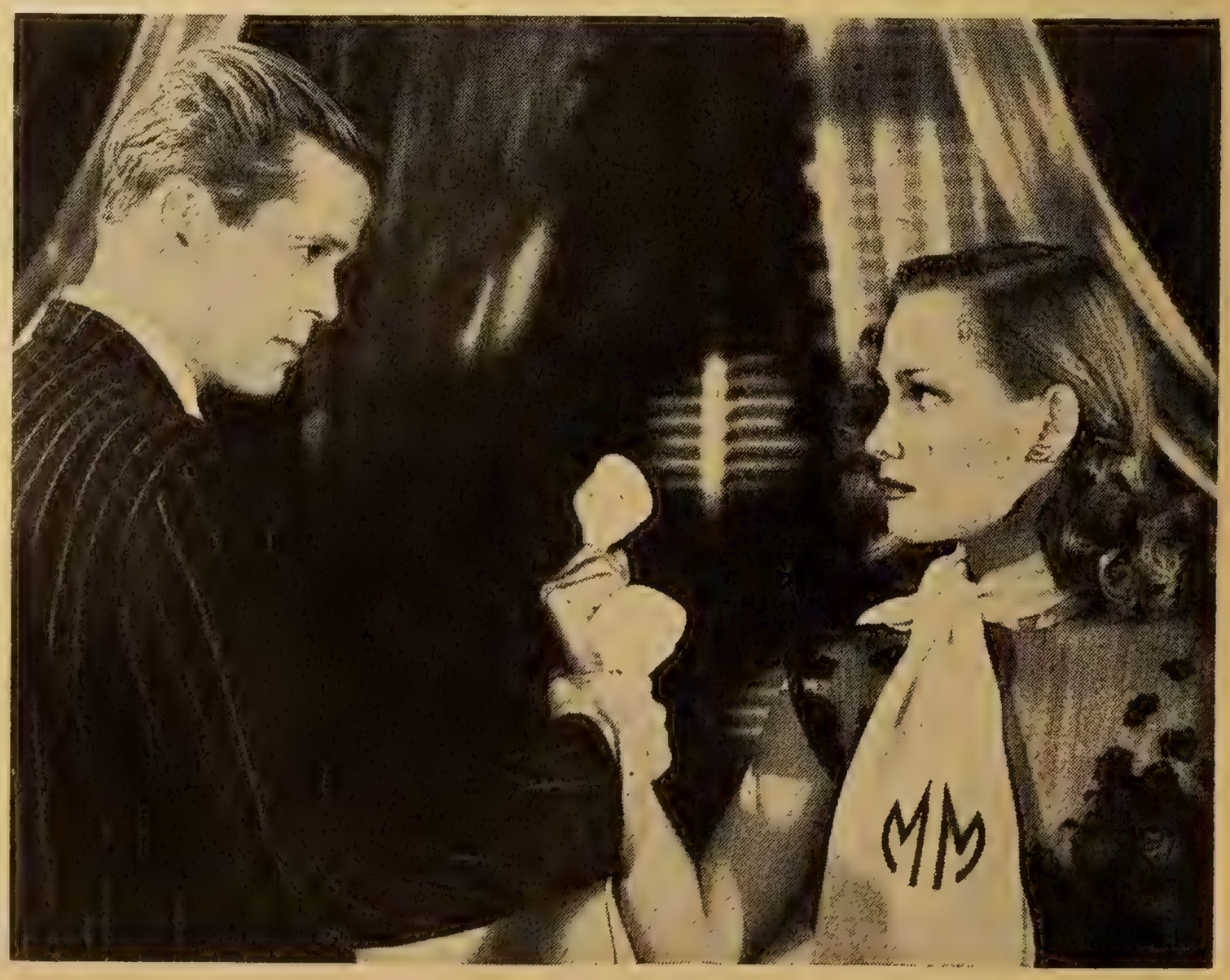
Nevertheless, through the Art Theater, Constance Dowling did get an opportunity to meet people like Luther Adler and John Garfield. But the real chance to prove herself came only when she met Irwin Shaw who, when he produced his own play, "Quiet City," gave her a walk-on part. It was enough as far as Constance was concerned. This was the opportunity she had been waiting for. Only the rehearsals ran longer than the play did, and after a couple of weeks, ex-usherette Constance Dowling was looking for another job. This time, though, on the stage. No looking back for her, now. She was an actress, fifteen days old!

"For a long time nothing happened," revealed Constance. "But it is always darkest before the Broadway dawn, and my chance came along with the production of 'Liliom' at the 44th Street Theater, with Burgess Meredith and Ingrid Bergman. On that occasion I landed a job that combined a small walk-on part and, what was far more important, understudy to Joan Tetzel. There wasn't a night then that I didn't, like all aspiring and heartless young actresses, firmly pray for something to happen to Joan. Oh, nothing serious, a trivial cold, perhaps, or a sprained ankle. Only my prayers remained unanswered. The play ran for eight weeks, and in those eight weeks the health of Miss Tetzel remained unimpaired and, in fact, flourished.

"Things began to look a little brighter when one of the women in the cast decided to get married," continued Constance. "My prayers pleaded for a honeymoon in the Rockies, or at least a long weekend look at Niagara. But no, New York, good enough for the nuptials, received equal favor for the honeymoon. I even wondered about her having a baby—I was so anxious to go on. But again no, it was not to be. As for Burgess Meredith and Ingrid Bergman it would be wonderful to say how helpful and kind and thoughtful they were; how useful their pointers had become to a budding young actress; how very much out of their way they went to make things easier for me. But, if the truth is to be told, neither knew that I existed!"

It was a different story with the Al Jolson musical, "Hold on to Your Hats!" in which Constance toured for several months. The black-faced mammy singer and comedian, well-known for the helping hand he has given many a future star, was always considerate and understanding about the young and less experienced actors and actresses around him.

Says Constance, "It was wonderful working with him. I think I learned more in that show than in any other. If you had any problems you always felt that you could take them to Mr. Jolson. I shall never forget the night I went on, when, in the course of a vigorous dance routine, the strap of my



Dan Duryea seems to have the upper hand—for the moment—in this tense scene in Universal's "The Black Angel," with the Girl from Broadway, Constance Dowling.

bodice broke without my noticing it and everything came apart. The audience must have felt that they had dropped in on a burlesque show. Afterwards I was near to tears, but Al merely smiled. Others would have kidded me unmercifully, but he just let me know that it was all part of the theater. That the unexpected, even if it happen against you, makes for the glamor and the glitter and the excitement that is the real show world."

After that came a four-side part, with billing, in the Philip Barry play, "Liberty Jones." Then, as Constance explains it, the show played twelve performances before the warehouse trucks arrived to remove that part of the scenery the actors hadn't chewed to pieces.

Next came a bit in "Panama Hattie" with Ethel Merman, and the chance to play Virginia Field's part for a whole week. After that came a play with a short life and imperishable title, "The Strings, My Lord, Are False." Despite the expert ministrations of both Ruth Gordon and Walter Hampden this lasted but two weeks.

For Constance, the turning point came soon after that. Most of the New York first-string critics caught her in "Only the Heart," at the Provincetown Theater. They were unanimous in their praise of her delineation of *Julia*, a girl in the grandly emotional throes of rebellion against the tyranny of her mother. Clutching the clippings of the critics' honeyed words, her agent bestirred himself to arrange an audience with Mr. Goldwyn.

With the producer testing her in New York, and again in Hollywood, Constance's highly histrionic and very convincing rendition of a scene from "Golden Boy" decided everything.

"I shall never forget my first day before the cameras for 'Up in Arms,'" said Constance, and shivered although the day was far from cold. "I had never been so scared in my life. It was thanks to Danny Kaye that I was able to pull myself out of it. They were ready for the first take when Danny blew up in his lines. He turned to me with a rueful smile, 'You see, Connie, it can happen to anyone.' It gave me just the courage I needed. And it was many days before I found out that Danny, knowing how I felt, had purposely fluffed his lines to help me along."

Originally Constance Dowling had intended to become a ballet dancer. She had never been to the ballet, but some paintings by Degas of backstage ballet scenes had left a lasting impression on her. She joined a school, and for many months devoted all of her time to learning the rudiments of pirouettes, entrechats, and limb-breaking exercises. "It wasn't long before the glamor of Degas faded," revealed Constance. "The arduous routines, strict dieting and extraordinary discipline that all would-be ballerinas have to undergo was having a disquieting effect on my ambitions. I began to think that Degas was more inspired than inspiring and I soon gave it up."

You get a pretty fair idea of what Constance Dowling is like when you know that she can't stand creamed foods, intoxicated individuals, plain white toast, selfish, backbiting, gossipy people, tepid tea, sour milk and warm coca-cola, very modern classical music, hats, ultra-feminine dresses, ostentatious jewelry, cigarettes, dyed hair, radio commercials, towels marked His, Hers, Theirs, small rooms and the Sunday funny papers.

On the other hand she waxes enthusiastic at the mere thought of *coq-au-vin*, intelligent and creative people, black bread, duck mandarin, moderate temperatures, unusually handsome women, pea pods and rye toast, evening gowns, gin rummy, all Russian foods and walking in the rain.

Born in New York on July 24, Constance Dowling has honey-brown hair, stands five feet five inches in the pumps of her pre-movie days, weighs a constant 110 pounds and has intense dark brown eyes that, in moments of emotion, turn to ebony black. She is in love with New York, and has a deep respect for Hollywood. She loves New York for the vitality of the city, the friendliness of its people, the pace and rhythm of the life you live there. Her growing respect for Hollywood comes of a sudden, first-hand and completely astonished knowledge that the making of movies is a serious and complex and amazingly expensive business. And that the people in it are as real as in any of the great industrial towns of America.

Today in Hollywood Constance Dowling prefers to live in a simple, two-bedroom modern apartment in Hollywood. She shares the apartment with her Irish mother, Mrs. Mabel Dowling, who does all the cooking, and her sister Doris, of "Lost Weekend" and "Blue Dahlia" fame. She has two brothers, Richard, 13, and Robert, her twin, who served in the Army.

Constance looks to the future with equanimity and a total and quite refreshing lack of false pride. Her ambition is to be given a chance to play any and every kind of part. Once she hoped to do nothing but dramatic rôles. Now she realizes that there's a lot to be said about comedy, too.

As for romance, Constance will have you know that it plays no great part in her life. "Frankly," confesses Constance, with that slow, disarming smile of hers, "I am first and last a career girl. I want to work hard and make everyone glad, including myself, that I was yanked so unceremoniously out of the floor show that night."

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Halo glorifies it!



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Reveals the Hidden Beauty of your Hair!



The twinkling starlet in the Maria Montez-Jean Pierre Aumont home is little Maria Christina. Mama Maria's new picture for Universal, "Pirates of Monterey"

What Women Want

Continued from page 35

one has moods when she likes different approaches.

"It seems to me that the difference between American and European men toward women arises mostly from the difference in their education. In Europe, of course, girls and boys are separated while they are being educated. They are taught in separate schools, so they are not thrown together in classes nor at games and parties while they are growing up, as they are in this country. So they are always somewhat of a mystery to each other, and this may account for the consideration and deference with which the men treat women. In Europe, a boy, during his childhood and youth, hasn't seen so very many women. And he has been taught by the literature and art of many centuries to sublimize women, and that influences his manner toward them. In America, boys and girls grow up in comradeship, and they treat each other on an equal basis. They are accustomed to each other. Another thing, there are in this country more women who work, and the fact that a woman works leads perhaps to a less chivalrous and more matter-of-fact relationship.

"But if I can judge from the number of romances I saw between French girls and American soldiers, the French girls like the American approach very much. It's possible that European women are getting very tired of centuries of chivalry, and of being idealized. At any rate, there's plenty of evidence that they like the friendly, informal comradeship with which the American boys treat their girl friends.

"If the situation were reversed and French soldiers spent some time in this country, I expect things would be very much the same, and there would be a great many romances. I was in New York once when there were some French sailors there, and the girls were very friendly with them, and eager to get acquainted. They liked the little red pom-poms the French sailors wear on their round hats, just as the French girls are crazy about the black tie the American sailors wear.

"I think, too," continued Jean Pierre, "the difficulty of speaking with each other adds to the mystery, which is always a help to romance. When you do not understand a person's language, you imagine that the things he is saying are much more poetic than they really are. That is why, for an American audience, French words often have more charm than English. Not knowing the meaning of the words, they can read into them any meaning that they want.

"When we were on the boat going to the invasion of France, I was the only Frenchman on the boat, with thousands of G. I.'s. The officers asked me to give the men some French lessons, so I started out explaining to them about the verb 'to be' and all its different forms, because that is how we always begin. But right away they said, 'What is all this about "to be"? We don't care anything about "to be." Just tell us how to say, "Hello, Miss, let's have a kiss"—or "Let's take a walk" '—or even other things that I can't repeat on account of, shall we say, military secrecy. So you see, even when they were going to invade a country, the Americans were thinking of romance.

"I think the reputation Americans have in Europe for being practical and matter-of-fact grew up mostly because so many Americans who went over there were business men, and being on business trips, they were preoccupied and serious while there. But I think it is a great mistake that Americans have that reputation. I think Americans are very idealistic. I have noticed that since I first came here. I have always seen many gestures of kindness and idealism. American people are very generous, they are open-hearted, hospitable, friendly, warm. They have always made me feel wonderfully at home since I first came here, and I have never had the feeling of being a foreigner."

At lunch in the Universal Studio commissary, Jean Pierre was wearing a pale blue sailor suit, with bright blue collar and cuffs, for his rôle of young Rimsky-Kosakov. "It will photograph white," he explained, "but for Technicolor they don't let you wear white because it makes you look twice as big as you really are."

His whole conversation reveals an enjoyment of everything — work, home, friends, family. Smiling and waving to friends all over the dining room, he chatted about the picture, about his beautiful wife, Maria Montez, and their new daughter, Maria Christina.

"Last night was Maria's first really festive night out since the baby came," he said. "We went to Charles Boyer's for dinner, and we were out late. This morning, I was up at seven and here at the studio by eight—but they have not used me all morning! It is all right—only if I had known. I needn't have left home so early this morning, and then I could have seen my daughter before coming to work.

"Do you know all the things I had to learn to do in this picture?" he demanded, his blue eyes dancing with fun. "I had to learn to play the violin, the harmonica, the piano. I also had to study dancing and whip-cracking. All these things I studied both before and during the picture. There is a scene in which I have to play 'The Flight of the Bumble Bee' on the violin. When I was doing that scene, our director, Mr. Walter Reisch, said, 'Smile! Look happy!' I said, 'Walter! Did you ever see Heifetz playing "The Flight of the Bumble Bee"? *He* doesn't look happy when he's playing it. If Heifetz cannot look happy, then how can *I* look happy?'

Jean Pierre is extremely fond of music, both classical and popular, but he doesn't play any musical instrument now. He studied piano as a boy, but like so many other boys, gave it up as soon as he had any choice about the matter, and has regretted it ever since.

When asked about singing, he said, "No, I do not sing now. I sang once in a picture, a long time ago, and it was so bad they had to dub my voice out and

put another one in. Another time, I was in the play 'Romance' and I sang. You know, that is the story of a clergyman who was in love with a famous actress. There was a scene in which I sat on a settee and sang, and she was supposed to stand behind me, deeply moved as she listened, with tears in her eyes. And then she had to say, 'It was so beautiful; so beautiful!' Every time she said it was beautiful, the audience roared, because of course it was really dreadful! I would know how to do it better now—I would sing more softly, and then it wouldn't sound so bad. But you know how it is when you are very young—the harder you try, the louder you sing. It must have been terrible."

Jean Pierre's next picture will be "The Kissing Bandit" at Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer, to whom he is under contract, though no starting date has been set. But you can be sure that time never hangs heavy on his hands between pictures. He has recently finished writing a play called "On the Balconies of Heaven"—which title, he says, is a quotation from a French poem.

"I think it is going to be produced in Paris this fall," he said. "There is some interest in it, and my agent expects to place it before very long. No, I will not be in it. There is no part in it for me. It's the story of a family, covering the last twenty years, all told by flashbacks. The main part is for a woman like Katharine Cornell, and the play will show her at different periods of her life. Katharine Cornell was the first woman I worked with in America, and I admire her very greatly. I think she symbolizes the American woman. She loves her work and has a deep respect for it, and for everybody else's work. She's a tremendously inspiring woman."

"With your fondness for music, why don't you study some instrument seriously?"

"I would like very much to keep on studying music if I had time," he replied. "But I have three more plays that I want to write. Also I am taking lessons in film cutting and camera technique at the University of Southern California, because I want to learn to direct and produce, so I must understand about those things. I go to night classes, twice a week. While working on this picture, I have not been able to put in as much time as I would like, but I will put in some extra time to make up what I've missed, as soon as we finish shooting."

That directing-producing ambition of Jean Pierre's sounds like bad news for his fans, but he may have a hard time finding a studio that will allow him to hide his handsome self behind the camera—we hope! There is no doubt that he would be an excellent director or producer, for whatever he does, he does well. But it seems only fair that for every picture he makes from behind the camera, he should be required to make another in front of it.

Because with all loyalty to our own countrymen, and with full appreciation of Jean Pierre's compliments to Americans, the fact still remains that those Frenchmen have a way—and none more winning than Jean Pierre Aumont.



Jeanne Crain's Future Plans

Continued from page 45

dress she wore, with its lace yoke, which left the top of her shoulders bare, revealing a glimpse of beautifully white shoulders. As for Paul—he has been compared, you know, to Errol Flynn, but he is about ten years younger. There is none of the weary sophistication about his face that sometimes greets you from Errol's eyes. Those who have made the comparison haven't really looked at Paul. Jeanne, incidentally, thinks the entire comparison is absurd. "Paul," she breathed, "is much better-looking."

Perhaps you remember Paul vaguely. He tried the movies for a while, found that he wasn't happy as an actor. He is an engineer by trade, and was very successful when he turned to the manufacture of aluminum and later plastics during the war. Now he's head of his own radio company. This calls for a knowledge of electronics, metallurgy, and other phases of radio manufacture. His first wedding gift to Jeanne was a bleached mahogany radio, trimmed with pigskin leather. The grill is a mirror with B-sharp notes sandblasted through it to permit the sound to come out. This attractive set, a combination of radio, phonograph and recording machine, is better-looking than anything now on the market, and Jeanne looks forward happily to the day when she'll be able to place it in their home of the future. For the present they're living in a small apartment at Santa Monica, but they own several acres in the Outpost up above Hollywood in the hills about 1100 feet above sea level.

"Our home," Jeanne told me, "will be Cape Cod style on the outside. The outside will be fieldstone or flagstone. The inside will be very modern. Our architect, Walter Wurdeman, is the same man who constructed the model house at Wilshire Boulevard and Highland Avenue, to show what post-war homes are going to be like. Our home will be differently, individually constructed, but the inside will have all those breathless, wonderful conveniences now being exhibited in that model house. It will have the very latest in electrical equipment.

"Walter Wurdeman has a wonderful knack of combining modern pieces with antiques. I like that, since it means we can have a modern dining room table, sofas and chairs and still have a small antique desk. The drawings for the house are now being completed. Paul made the scale drawings of our ideas, and Walter Wurdeman is using these as a basis for the design."

Paul explained, "Jeanne and I made various sketches for the house. I laid out the grounds, planned the road which is carved into the side of the mountain. We hired a man on a bulldozer to do



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the actual work." Along the 250 foot road they plan to have many fruit trees, some willow trees, and perhaps some pepper trees. "But nearly all the trees," Paul explained, "will be productive trees. They may look beautiful blossoming, but they'll also yield fruit."

Jeanne's eyes were glowing at the thought of their home of the future. "Will the house also have a nursery?" I asked with pretended casualness. For I couldn't help wondering if Jeanne would follow the example of so many of the other 20th Century-Fox stars and have children.

"Oh, we're planning the house for the way we'll need it in three or four years," she said, "but not all the rooms will be built immediately. We'll have only part of the house constructed within the next few months."

I saw I'd have to ask an even more direct question. Jeanne is quiet, shy, a little bit reticent. You have to ask her direct questions to get direct answers. Many interviewers have come to grief, saying to Jeanne, "Just talk about such-and-such a subject, and I'll sit back and listen."

"What I mean," I interpolated, "is, do you plan to have a family?"

Jeanne almost blushed, then said, "Yes, we do. We want as many children as we are given. I hope we'll have more boys than girls, and that the first one will be a boy, who'll look exactly like Paul, with Paul's dark brown eyes."

"Never," laughed Paul. "I put my foot down on that. He mustn't look like me. He must look like you, Jeanne. Then he'll have the most wonderful green eyes."

When Jeanne has children, she hopes to continue to make pictures, but not as many as she's making now. Paul has never suggested that she give up her career. "It's wonderful for a woman to have a hobby," he told me, "and that's what acting is to Jeanne, a stimulating hobby. Believe me, Jeanne doesn't act for a livelihood but because she enjoys it."

"Nothing," said Jeanne, "is more tedious and humdrum than acting if you're bored with it. If you don't really enjoy it, it's too nerve-racking. Paul has never asked me to give up acting, but he would be justified in making such a request if it were such an obsession with me that it affected our home life. Only I don't think I'd ever let such a thing happen. If there were the slightest danger of it, I'd quit pictures. Anyway, I don't intend to go on playing interminably, up to the time when I'd have to play character rôles. By that time, I hope to be leading a much more settled kind of life."

In the meanwhile, Jeanne and Paul look forward to leading anything but a settled kind of life. Paul has always been a great traveler, and Jeanne, although she's had little opportunity to travel, has always dreamed of traveling.

"The first trip we'd like to make," said Jeanne, "is to Yellowstone and Glacier Parks, then to Banff and Lake Louise in Canada. Eventually we'd like to go to Europe, though not for two or three years, since Europe is so desolated now. Perhaps we'll make two or three trips to Europe, one to the northern countries, and one a very sophisticated trip to the big cities, Paris, London and Venice. Some day we'd like to go to the Orient. And we'd both very much like to make a safari to Africa. Both of us have always wanted to go to Africa. I think I've read every book written on Africa."

In the meanwhile, both Jeanne and Paul are going in for all kinds of sports, "though I'm not as good as Paul at anything," Jeanne says.

Embarrassed by this one-sided build-up by Jeanne, Paul demurs, "Jeanne rides circles around me on horseback."

"No, I don't," Jeanne disagrees with Paul for the first time. "I'm taking tennis lessons. Paul is excellent at tennis. So far I've just batted balls around a couple of times. I'm not a very good swimmer, though I'm mad about water. Paul is teaching me to swim better. We'll have a swimming pool, too, on the grounds of our new home. I like to paint and draw, too, and we're planning to have a tea house on the grounds where I can paint while Paul works on his drafting board."

Both youngsters love to dance, and like the rhumba particularly well. Again Jeanne insists that she can't rhumba nearly as well as Paul. But she must be pretty good at dancing, as you'll realize when you see her do the Charleston in "Margie." Remember what a strenuous dance the Charleston was? "The other girls in the picture," the unit man on "Margie" told me, "took lessons two hours a day for several weeks. Just when Jeanne had the time to take lessons I'll never know. I never saw her taking them. I thought they were surely going to fake the scene where she does the Charleston. But when the time came, she stepped into the dance, just as pretty and assured as though she'd been doing it all her life."

When the company went on location to Reno for "Margie," Jeanne and Paul had been married only a few weeks. The studio failed to take Cupid into consideration in making its plans. Jeanne was asked to drive up with the other members of the company in the studio car. Usually very cooperative, Jeanne rebelled at this. For she and Paul were still practically on their honeymoon, and Paul had his green convertible. Paul, Jeanne said, would drive her to Reno, and they'd be there in plenty of time. You can't argue with people in love. Although the studio naturally hires the finest, safest drivers in the world, so far as Jeanne is concerned, there's no better driver than Paul. So they started out in Paul's convertible.

When the rest of the company reached Reno, they began to keep their eyes open for Jeanne and Paul. But there was no sign of them. After a few hours, frantic studio officials began to phone every town through which they might have passed. But they could learn nothing. The only town which remembered the two happy-go-lucky, starry-eyed young people was Bishop, and they were no longer there.

Six hours later Jeanne and Paul arrived. They were very much surprised to find that the company had been wor-

ried about them. After all, the picture wouldn't begin shooting until the next day, so they had driven leisurely through a different route than the studio convoy had taken, to see all the beautiful snow scenery and take some snapshots.

"But Paul was with us in Reno for only a few days," Jeanne told me. "When I was at work, he went skiing at a nearby resort. Then he'd come back at night, and we'd spend the evenings together. I got two afternoons off, and went skiing with Paul at Mount Rose." Paul, however, had to leave for San Francisco on business, so those precious hours together came to a quick halt.

Because Paul has been in the movie business himself, Jeanne says he understands all the problems and situations that arise in the life of a movie player much better than any outsider possibly could. "But I wouldn't dream of offering Jeanne advice on acting," Paul says, indignant at the rumors which implied that he had. "Jeanne knows far more about acting than I ever could."

Two weeks after they were married, practically every newspaper column in Los Angeles carried an item to the effect that Paul hung around Jeanne's set all day, offering advice on acting.

"If there'd been the least bit of truth in the items, we wouldn't have been so badly hurt," Jeanne said. "But there wasn't an iota of truth. The actual truth was that I was just beginning to learn how to drive then, so Paul drove me to the studio each morning and called for me on the way home, just as my mother had done before I was married. At the time, I had to have someone drive me. Paul never remained on the sets—he was much too busy, and he never gave me any advice about acting, even when I asked for it. Occasionally at home, when I ask him for advice about business matters, he'll give it to me. But that's all."

Jeanne and Paul were so disturbed by the items that they vowed that from then on, they wouldn't read any gossip columns, and they haven't. "We no longer know," laughed Jeanne, "who is going with whom, who is getting married to whom, or which of our friends are having divorces or babies. Sometimes I'm afraid we miss getting presents for people we know who are getting married or having babies, but unless we hear about it in some other way, we never know what's happening to them. No more gossip columns for us!"

"Don't you ever quarrel about anything?" I asked.

"Well," laughed Jeanne, "being very spirited people, we sometimes have differences of opinion, but never a real quarrel."

One difference of opinion occurred on the subject of hunting. Paul is a very fine sportsman, and has gone on many successful hunting trips. Jeanne is excellent at target shooting, but trembles at the thought of killing an animal. Gradually she reconciled herself to the thought that Paul might go hunting for wild game or shoot at birds, but she couldn't understand how he could bear to kill an antelope or a deer. Moved by her arguments, Paul has promised that he'll never go deer-hunting. "Shooting grizzly bear, mountain lions and caribou is much better sport anyway," Paul said. "Then you can match your wits against the game."

Before she was married, Jeanne would never admit to anyone that she had any culinary abilities. But after her marriage, she said, "Of course I can cook. After all, I was brought up like any other girl to help at home."

Both Jeanne and Paul like to cook simple dishes—chops, steaks, liver and bacon, rarebits and such. According to Jeanne, Paul makes wonderful salads and is expert at broiling. Jeanne takes care of anything else on the menu.

Jeanne does her own shopping, and Paul generally likes what she buys. He adores her in black evening clothes and in pastels. Once she bought a gray suit with a tricky gathered skirt, which he didn't like. He thought it made her look plump. So to please him, Jeanne had the skirt altered.

Jeanne has learned to drive and now has a '46 sedan. They've also ordered a station wagon. After all, when you're planning to travel around the country as Jeanne and Paul do, it's wonderful to have your transportation ready and waiting.

Of all the gifts Paul has given her, Jeanne is most sentimental about her wedding and engagement ring. Paul looked everywhere till he found a wedding ring that looked different from anything he'd seen elsewhere. It's a beautiful ring, with tiny diamonds and rubies. As you might expect, Jeanne has so far never taken it off. When she had to play "Margie," the studio asked her to remove the ring temporarily, as *Margie* was a small town fifteen-year-old girl who definitely was not married. Just being asked to take the ring off gave Jeanne the willies. For several nights, when she fell asleep, she dreamed she had taken the ring off, and all sorts of dreadful things had happened.

"I'm not superstitious about anything else, and I don't want to be superstitious about my wedding ring," Jeanne said. "but I just couldn't bear to remove it. The makeup man had to cover it with artificial skin painted over with makeup. Of course, if there were ever any drastic reason for removing the ring—if, for instance, my finger became swollen and I had to take it off—I wouldn't want to have such a deep feeling about the ring itself that I'd imagine that taking it off would really lead to tragedy. After all, it's our marriage itself that's important—the ring is just a symbol."

Shortly afterwards Jeanne and Paul walked out of the commissary. I remained to chat a few moments with one of the girls in the publicity department. As we, too, walked out, we caught a glimpse of Jeanne and Paul about half a block down. Utterly unself-conscious, Paul was walking with his arm around Jeanne's waist. Her slim arm was around his waist, too. I thought as I looked at them walking down the street that they were the two most-in-love people I had seen since my husband and I said our own "I do's" seven years ago.





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Mr. Caesar Conquers Hollywood

Continued from page 37

York. His father owns a restaurant there, and Sid is a graduate of the local high school. With his diploma safely tucked away when his schooling was over, Sid auditioned for a job with Shep Field's band and won a place in the saxophone section. Here lies the paradox in Sid's life. Constantly encouraged by his parents, Sid was determined to become a top rate musician and justify the faith his mother and father placed in him. He had no idea of ever becoming a comedian. At the age of 9 he began to take saxophone lessons, and one incident which happened to him seemed to point out that a musical career was destined for him. Strangely enough, a saxophone saved his life!

En route for a lesson one day, he started to cross a busy street in Tuckahoe, New York, to reach his teacher's studio. He was carrying his musical instrument in its bulky case and because it was heavy, he shifted it from his right to his left hand. Suddenly a car appeared around the corner and raced down upon him. He felt an impact and then was thrown clear of the speeding vehicle. The car's bumper had struck the saxophone case, which served as a buffer to push him out of danger's path. "I guess I'm one of the few people who can say his life was saved by a sax," grinned Sid. "Usually a sax gives people trouble with their neighbors."

While a high school lad in Yonkers, Sid and some of his schoolmates formed a small jazz band which, as Sid recalls, wasn't bad. The boys spent their summers playing at various nearby Catskill Mountain summer resort hotels. Among Easterners these hotels are known as the borscht circuit, which might best be described as a sort of lowbrow arrangement in comparison to the more elegant, expensive mountain hotels. Most of the patrons were New York City workers who spent their vacations at these cheaper inns.

It was on this borscht circuit that Sid first mastered the technique of the comedy routines that eventually were to make him famous. When he was not occupied with tooting a sax, he tried out his patter on the audiences and they loved it. The inspiration for his best routine came one day after he saw the film "Test Pilot." Imitating the zooming of the planes, the staccato bursts of machine gun bullets, and depicting the thoughts of both participants in an aerial dog-fight, Sid brought down the house. They screamed for more and gradually Caesar built up a repertory of individual comic characterizations on current events and famous people. Naturally his saxophone playing was relegated to a position of secondary importance.

After several seasons with Shep Field, the nation was plunged into war and Sid answered the call of his country. Since his older brother had already enlisted in the Coast Guard, Sid followed him into that service and was assigned to duty at the Manhattan Beach Receiving Ship. The good Fates of music seemed to have followed Sid into uniform because in a short time he was given a place in the official naval band. Here he met the famed composer Vernon Duke, author of such top-drawer tunes as "April in Paris" and "I Can't Get Started with You."

Between watches as a harbor patrol guard, Sid wrote a musical revue entitled "Six On, Twelve Off" in which he appeared as the star performer. He was not unlike the kid in the back lot who owned the football and therefore was the captain of the team.

Vernon Duke liked Sid's type of comedy and decided that a bigger and better revue should be written to show off the talents of the tar from Yonkers. So with his collaborator, Howard Dietz, he went into a creative session and the stage version of "Tars and Spars" was born. After the show opened in Palm Beach, Florida, it toured practically every major city in the United States and played to packed houses. One jaunt even took the troupe to Vancouver, British Columbia.

Hollywood, which is charmed by anything which is ear and eye-catching, soon put in bids for the motion picture production of the revue and Columbia Studio was the winner. After the first test, Caesar was signed to the leading comedy rôle.

Sid Caesar's acting technique is compared to the zany antics of Danny Kaye but Sid says, "I can't understand why people compare us because I feel we have a different approach. I'm very flattered, though, that I'm put in the same bracket with Kaye because I think he's the top comedian in the business today," he concludes with sincere modesty.

Sid is elated about his progress in Hollywood and he feels that he has had more than his share of luck and breaks He made "Tars and Spars" while still in Uncle Sam's Navy blue and emerged a civilian as a famed Hollywood player. The war, instead of interrupting his career, boosted him on the road to fame.

Caesar prepares his routines with an eye to detail because he believes that a successful final picture is the result of carefully selected incidents or characteristics which must be magnified to humorous proportions. "There's something funny in almost every person or situation," he observes. "When I set out to do a satire, I try to catch little mannerisms, habits, and phrases which are repeated over and over. It's important not to mimic the subject you are presenting, but rather to exaggerate the qualities which are natural to the person or event you are trying to do. In other words, I think of my work as a kind of verbal caricature. You know how a cartoonist will play up certain features for a picture so that you recognize immediately the person he has caricaturized? I try to do the same thing in my way."

Caesar's delivery has the rapidity of machine gun bullets and he fires his words so rapidly that at times it seems as though he is talking in another language. However, it's easy to understand everything he is doing. He uses his expressive face

to punctuate the meaning of some of the apparently meaningless words he utters, and he is at his best when he goes into one of his tragic-comic routines. He has actually been known to cause audiences acute discomfort because he doesn't give them a chance to rest between laughs.

Sid remembers one audience which threw him instead of his putting them into a whirl of laughter. It was on the occasion of his first screen test during the preliminary session of the filming of "Tars and Spars." "I felt like a perfect dope," said Sid. "I tried to be funny and no one laughed. I worked like mad on my best routine but nothing happened. I never felt so unnecessary and self-conscious in my life. I was instructed to watch everything I did because I was told that the camera magnifies every action of the actor. I tried to cut down on my performance and when I still got no response, I figured I was really hamming the job. Competition would be stiff in Hollywood, I knew, but I had hoped that what I had to offer would go. Stage audiences liked it, but when I finished with the test scene, I was sure I was a flop."

While Sid was feeling that he had failed dismally, the director came up to him and said, "That was swell, Sid. We're giving you the comedy lead."

Sid had simply forgotten that the hardest audience in the world to please consists of the studio crew working on the picture. Once you get them away from the set and into a movie theater, it's a different matter.

On the personal side, Sid has done well by his 23 years. A wartime romance resulted in marriage in July, 1943, and he feels that this is the most exciting thing that has happened to him. Receiving his discharge from the service runs a close second, he admits with a grin.

Like so many young couples, the Caesars are having a desperate time trying to find a home of their own and for the moment they are living with friends in Beverly Hills.

"We've been married almost three years and we've never had a home of our own," said Sid sadly. "When we do get a place, we're going to have a housewarming that's out of this world!"

This statement sounds as though Sid Caesar is as wild and screwy in his private life as he is on the screen. Actually, the reverse is true. He is no exception from most screen comedians who are quiet and reserved when they are not before the camera.

Sid analyzes his own acting from an unusual slant. "I look at myself as another person and study all the things that need correcting. It's strange, but almost everything you do looks so different on the screen from the way you expect it to look."

He has no particular love for night clubs and his idea of a good time is a home party with all the people he likes. There he tries out his new routines on his friends and they serve as his best and severest critics. People who are artificial and occasions which are stilted and stuffy bore him no end, and he confesses that often he has an almost uncontrollable desire to let out with a mad whoop when he is trapped into a dull affair.

His most embarrassing moment took place in Hollywood recently. "My 1929 Ford stalled right smack on the corner of Hollywood and Vine and I held up traffic while I got out and pushed. Have you ever noticed how everyone important seems to show up when something like this happens? I think every man and woman I knew in Hollywood went by when I was pushing and perspiring!"

Although he admires Danny Kaye, Caesar thinks Charlie Chaplin is the greatest comedian of them all. He is fond of Barry Fitzgerald and his favorite actress is Ingrid Bergman because, he says, "She's the most womanly woman on the screen."

As a transplanted New Yorker, he has a great admiration for both Gertrude Lawrence and Luther Adler, and he loves to reminisce about the pre-war days when lobster and steak could be obtained at reasonable prices in little restaurants which have now graduated into more expensive establishments.

Sid has not lost his ability as a musician and aside from his hope that he does well in pictures, he has an ambition to write the musical score for a picture in which he appears. He has already composed a number of tunes which he plans to use for this purpose.

"I talk about myself as though I don't have a fault in the world," he said, suddenly interrupting himself. "First of all, I'm over-friendly with people and I'm always surprised when they don't respond. I fail to realize that some folks are naturally shy and reserved, or aren't interested in the things that interest and amuse me.

"The clothes I wear are a little on the loud side, I'll agree, but I think I'd be unhappy if I couldn't wear checked sport coats or yellow socks. I think they fit my personality, but you should hear what my wife has to say about them.

"My wife is always complaining about the pipe I smoke and she accuses me of using the worst kind of tobacco just to stink up the place! I don't smoke much but it seems that she's always around when I do.

"Another of my faults is the fact that I worry myself about little things too often. I fret about them so much I get confused and then forget what I'm supposed to do. Oddly enough, big things don't bother me."

Sid is the typical husband when it comes to a shopping expedition with his pretty wife. He dislikes accompanying her because he says she never seems to be able to make up her mind about a purchase. "I'd rather take a beating" is the way he excuses himself from these trips.

"Hollywood has taught me patience," said Caesar. "For awhile I had the ex-serviceman's jitters but friends have calmed me down. My best friend here is Milton Bren, the producer of 'Tars and Spars,' and he has really been swell to me."

Sid Caesar, in return, has played square with Hollywood and although he is a comparative newcomer, he has already made legions of friends. He meets them more than half-way, which is rare in the cinema land of tinsel and glamor.

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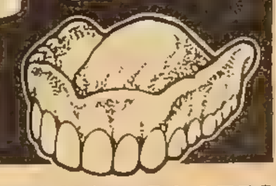
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Who Kissed Them First?

Continued from page 51

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When Joan Leslie was a little girl in vaudeville, she used to see feature pictures between shows. If Gary Cooper, her favorite actor, was in it, she saw a picture three times. Being cast as Gary's mountain sweetheart in "Sergeant York" was a major thrill, but as their love scenes drew near, Joan suffered agonies of shyness. Gary was just plain bashful. The first kiss was to be a long shot. Gary was plowing a field and Joan had to run barefoot across the plowed ground, bawl out Gary for being undemonstrative and end her little speech by throwing her arms about his neck, kissing him rapidly and running away.

"No kisses in rehearsal," Gary advised Joan, but Director Howard Hawkes said he couldn't tell how the scene would look unless they did. There they were, so far from the cameras they felt really alone. Joan's lips scarcely brushed Gary's.

"This is picture!" came the command. They threw themselves into the scene. This time Gary, who is four heads taller than Joan, wouldn't stoop over to her. In order to reach him, she had to dash into the scene and leap up at him, much as a puppy jumps up to catch a ball. The director was delighted, but Joan says it wasn't romantic; she felt just like a leaping tuna!

"It sounds like a gag," confided Janis Paige, "but it's the truth. When I lived in Tacoma, Washington, my one relaxation from studying for grand opera was to go to movies. The first time I saw Dane Clark in 'Action in the North Atlantic' I got the most terrible crush on him. I never missed a film if he was in it—some of them I saw three times. When at last I got to Hollywood and was 'discovered' singing at the Hollywood Canteen, I was signed to a contract and was given a part—speaking of coincidences—in the picture 'Hollywood Canteen,' opposite Dane Clark. I was so excited I could hardly bear it. The first day of shooting was the last scene in the picture; you know Hollywood! I was at the railroad station telling Dane goodbye, he was a soldier going back to camp and I was the studio messenger in pigtails who kissed him goodbye. Funny thing—" she laughed a little—"the director wanted a kiss that *sounded* well. Every time they'd take it, the engineer would turn on the steam too soon as the train pulled out, and the hissing would drown out the sound of our kiss. The director was screaming and tearing his hair, the assistants were going crazy, but me, I was enjoying every minute. In pictures, and with Dane Clark, I thought, movies are a wonderful business!"

When Diana Lynn played with Eddie Bracken in "Miracle of Morgan's Creek," she was the little sister and Eddie was very nice to her. She had also done a kid sister in "The Major and the Minor," and the studio persisted in looking on her as a child. She was nearing seventeen and felt grown-up. "Oh, Eddie, what'll I do?" she besought him.

Eddie consoled her, told her better times were coming, and presently wangled her the love interest in "Out of this World." She was very grateful. "He was the man I kissed in the picture," she recalled, "but by that time he had given me so much advice that I looked on him as my big brother, and where's the thrill in kissing your brother?"

When Betty Hutton kissed Eddie Bracken in "The Fleet's In," she was a wild creature and he was a poor little flustered sailor. "He acted flustered just as he was supposed to do," commented Betty, "but I always hoped he was really flustered—I thought I was a wow at kissing!"

It was dreadfully hot the day Deanna Durbin received her first screen kiss from Robert Stack in "First Love." Bob was in a tuxedo and Deanna in an evening gown, but the crew wore shirtsleeves and fanned themselves. Nervousness made the two youngsters hotter and Director Henry Koster tried to put them at ease by careful rehearsing. The kiss, of course, was left out till "Picture!" was called.

Bob suddenly got stage fright and stalled until the frantic Deanna whispered: "Hurry up, kiss me! Kiss me, for goodness sake!"

"Hold it!" cried the sound recorder. "I could hear Deanna whisper."

Myrna Loy was an old hand at screen rôles when she had her first kiss from Warner Baxter in "Renegades." She'd always played vamp rôles, where she either pushed the gentlemen to one side or sat and glared at the heroine being kissed, so she was quite nervous as her love scene approached. She thought she wouldn't be believable as a moonlight-and-roses girl. The first take she missed Warner's mouth. He laughed and so did everyone on the set, which made Myrna determine to do it right if it killed her. She did it, on the fourth take.

Richard Dix was the man who discovered Jeanette MacDonald when she was singing on the stage. He begged his studio to sign her as his leading lady, but instead she was cast opposite Maurice Chevalier in "Love Parade." Richard was the Glamor Boy of the screen at the time, and Jeanette was disappointed at not working with him.

"I wore something very frilly in my first love scene," she remembered, "the set was decorative, the music lovely; I sang, then Maurice sang, then we kissed, and finally we sang together. I was new to pictures and so was Maurice. The whole thing became a matter of correct timing, getting the exact word to each gesture, making the kiss come out right and last just long enough for us to strike our notes for our duet. All I could think of later was how different it would have been if I could have played my first love scene with Richard!"

The first kiss is quite an item in a young man's life, too. Take Bill Williams. When Bill and Laraine Day rehearsed her kiss in "Those Endearing Young Charms," she just passed his

cheek. At the actual take, she kissed him full on the mouth, so ardently that he was shocked and surprised—he forgot his lines and they had to shoot it again. When Bill kissed Laraine in the same picture, it was a mere peck.

Assigned to kiss Susan Hayward in "Deadline at Dawn," Bill had to do it many times because the director wasn't sure whether to have him give her a shy, boyish kiss or a real sailor's buss. Finally the sailor was decided on and Bill did his best. When it was over, Susan looked at him and said: "You don't do a thing to me, Bill!" and Bill, deflated, replied: "Aw, it's only play-actin', what do you expect?"

In "Holiday in Mexico," Roddy MacDowall and Jane Powell have their first tender interludes. During the making of the film, the kids have been dating, carefully chaperoned, so each went into the proposal scene in a businesslike manner. The parents were looking on.

The director wasn't satisfied. "What's that shadow on Roddy's face?" he asked. "Change your lights." The shadow persisted. Eventually it was discovered to be the beginning of a beard, and Roddy had to have his initial shave in order to play the scene. Then Jane got her kiss, the cameraman got his shot, and Roddy got a gold razor, gift of the company.

Gig Young bestowed her first kiss on Eleanor Parker. Two kids from Pasadena Playhouse, they were both freshmen on the screen when cast in "They Died with Their Boots On." Neither knew that in rehearsal nobody kisses, so when they rehearsed their love scene, they gave it everything. The director didn't enlighten them until after the take, but cast and crew kidded them for months.

When Gig was making "Air Force," he was asked to stand in for a test with Alexis Smith, doing her first screen love scene. For his picture, Gig had raised a small mustache; by mistake the assistant director had told him to shave it off, only to find that the director would need him again, plus hair on the lip. Perc Westmore was called in to build a false mustache, which was all right until the hair began to grow, when the false affair popped off at intervals. This was the state of things when Gig was called for the test.

The kissing sequence was a long and passionate one. Before it was over, the false mustache popped, and when they parted half of it was adhering to Alexis' lip and half to Gig's. Their hysteria was such that the scene couldn't be completed correctly till afternoon.

"Um-um-um!" gloats Allan Jones. "I kissed Irene Dunne in 'Show Boat.' The scene was on the show boat, in moonlight, with magnolias blooming; we wore old-fashioned costumes, and the music was wonderful. I couldn't have asked for a better introduction to pictures. We did the scene several times, and right after lunch repeated it. I had discovered that for love scenes stars use indelible lipstick of that kind, but that noon Irene may have had an interview, for she covered this with a brighter color and forgot it. We kissed, then sang, cheek to cheek. Her lipstick came off on my lips, and before it was noticed we had done our little scene. I still have it in my home-movie of cutting-room-floor items."

The Legs on the Cutting Room Floor

Continued from page 42

first post-war picture! To have Capra, who never misses, for a director! Maybe her strange series of bumps was over. After six years, during four of which she had merely tried, with red-headed determination, to land a job, she'd been getting the breaks. One was a lead, the little French girl opposite Bob Walker in "What Next, Corporal Hargrove?". Another was second lead in the Guy Madison-Dorothy McGuire super-duper, "Till the End of Time." Hadn't she, in that story, held Guy Madison's love through most of the McGuire film? Of course, Dorothy McGuire won him for the final clinch, but that's because script-writers, naturally, toss the hero to the feminine lead.

Moreover, before going out on loan from MGM, her home lot, Jean had received the biggest break, in the lively young woman's opinion, of her entire blossoming career. It was a long, high-point-of-picture song and dance sequence in "Easy to Wed"—with Van Johnson! The two had prepared for it, rehearsed it, all day, and every day, for two weeks. Even Jean's pepper-pot energy simmered out. When time came for the actual shooting, she felt washed out. (Flu lurked just around the corner, but she didn't know that.)

After three attempts at takes, Jean dragging each time, Van, worried because he knew how much store the fetching half-pint set by this opportunity, obeyed a sudden hunch and slapped her—hard. Automatically, without thinking (just the Texas in her bouncing like an extra-springy tennis ball) Jean slapped him back. She stared at him a startled moment, a tinge of horror darkening her nearly black eyes—then both performers laughed. Van had waked her up, no fear! They ran through that lengthy, complicated sequence with a dazzling quota of what *Corporal Hargrove's* petite French girl would have called *verve.* The MGM lot resounded with praise.

Today, though, Jean brought herself, at the end of her fateful walk-and-talk test with Jimmy Stewart, back to the present, on the RKO sound-stage. The onlookers' titters, now silenced by her good work, had meant nothing. Capra was still giving her a chance. She heard him order briskly: "Make her up for the thirty-five-year-old phase."

The people on the set waited. They waited. They *waited.* One hour, two, nearly three. Then came the report back. RKO's makeup department, than which there is none more skilful in Hollywood, couldn't transform this incurably youth-

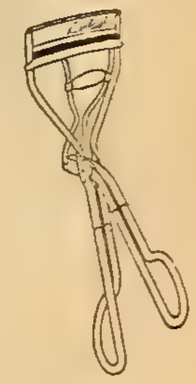
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ful, round-faced redhead into a convincing thirty-five-year-old!

Time was when, over such a major disappointment, Jean would have fled home and cried her eyes out. But by now she had learned to keep cheerful—or else. Twenty-two years old, her appearance labeled her between fourteen and sixteen —and she had watched more than a dozen fine rôles go a-glimmering because of a "too young-looking" verdict. "I have had to learn to accept such decisions calmly," she explains her problem, "or risk losing my mind." So, instead of hurrying home to weep, she sashayed debonairly (all "philosophized" inside) over to her home lot, MGM.

There Fate waited for her like a burglar with a sand-bag. Because the footage was so long, and its interpolation stopped the story flow, the powers-that-be had completely *cut out the highly praised Johnson-Porter song-and-dance sequence.*

That sockdologer brought flashingly to view the Texan in Jean. She didn't whine. She is said by her adherents to have the most beautiful —er, limbs in Hollywood. Jean endured (all smiles) much kidding as "The Legs on the Cutting-room Floor." And, believe your commentator, two such blows on the chin as the "Easy to Wed" cut-out and the futile Jimmy Stewart test, all in one day, are tough on an actress who doesn't have two chins.

The Dolly Who Can't Grow Up blinked at her first daylight in Cisco, Texas (home of the famous *Cisco Kid*) and calls Big Springs, Texas (nothing much big about it but the springs!) her home town. At three, Jean, visiting Dallas, affected her No. 1 stage appearance, singing *My Daddy Was A Minstrel Man,* which was literally true. Henry Porter gave up charcoal makeup, darky songs and "Mr. Bones" jokes, just after Miss Bounce was born, so he could spend more time with the wonderful new member of the family. Taking a stay-at-home railroad job, he taught the little pepper-pot, almost from her cradle days, the stage-and-audience lore in which many years had instructed him.

Jean enlivened the stage during a substantial part of each year from age three on. She trouped all of every summer, and sometimes, as in the case of Chicago musical shows, acted throughout the school year, with a private tutor teaching her the three R's. Her mother accompanied the quarter-pint on annual swings around the Robb and Robb vaudeville circuit of those days—Texas, Arkansas, Kansas, Oklahoma, Tennessee, Kentucky, Missouri, Ohio, Indiana and Illinois. None of this light-fast-and-fly-away stuff spelled drudgery to Jean, to whom memory of her nomad child life brings extra eye-sparkle.

But she encountered troubles, even then! One of her early numbers was an upside-down dance. Six cowboys held a board at the right height and Jeanie, walking on her hands, tapped fancy steps, back and forth, the length of the board. On one occasion, opening in a new theater, she found that someone had misplaced or simply thrown out the board. That meant patching together quickly a new routine. "And I never knew," she adds, "what to do with those cowboys!"

At age six, Jeanie, a natural mimic, became fascinated by the comedy of the late Joe Penner. She bought a duck, trained it and, leading it by a string, imitated the famous Penner routine. "The duck was wonderful at first," she recalls. "He followed me willingly, crooked his head knowingly at my foolishness. He looked both wise and ridiculous. So—I took off the string. The very first performance after that he strolled to the footlights, quacked loudly at the audience (they couldn't even hear me) and jumped down, still quacking, on a trumpet player's bald head." Back on the string, he kept up the quacking habit, and after two trying weeks, Jean gave the duck the sack. "Despite his early promise," she sighs, "he really did not have theater in his soul."

A constant trouble in Jean's on-tour career was that most workers in and around vaudeville seemed to think child actors a form of bubonic plague. "They weren't mean or rough," she says, "but they just ignored me, pushed me absent-mindedly to one side, wouldn't listen to my needs or troubles and proceeded to 'important' matters. Audiences reacted enthusiastically to child actors, but vaudeville people, from stagehands to stars, regarded kids like myself as 'little punks.'"

Troubles bounced off this redhead, and by age ten she had replaced the ill-fated Penner routine with impersonations (clippings and other testimony say they were *good*) of Greta Garbo, Betty Boop, Popeye the Sailor, W. C. Fields, Zasu Pitts, Mae West and a host of other "notables." She could also do every type of stage dancing, including ballet, and had worked out a gingery repertoire of songs and monologues.

Fifteen years old, and looking a scant eleven, Jean brought her twelve years' experience, confidently, to Hollywood. She saw the inside of few gates—seldom. When she did get inside—well, nobody's shoulder has been patted as much as Jean's, and with each pat went benign advice: "Come back in three or four years, and we'll see."

This pepper-pot's spunk, industry and determination are a lesson in how to get what one wants in life. During four years of steady turndowns, Jean was as active as a jumping bean. She sought, and landed, radio bit parts, and appeared in many "little theaters" (playing child rôles) in the Hollywood area. Having, under her mother's good advice, saved money, she was able to enroll in Lawler's Professional School, where her classmates included already successful young movie actors, such as Mickey Rooney, Judy Garland, Anne Shirley and Virginia Weidler. In the fourth lean year Virginia told her the studio was seeking a girl to play her *younger sister* in "The Youngest Profession."

Jean, then nineteen, put her pride of age in the pockets of an effective sweater, donned bobby socks and got in to see Director Eddie Buzzell. He demurred, "I wanted more of a 'character' type," but her enthusiasm and self-confidence

(apparent) caused him to agree, "Well, I'll let you test for it." Someone, who must not have been thinking very hard, handed her *six pages* of dialogue, which she had one hour to learn. She won the test over five aspirants and, before "The Youngest Profession" was completed, MGM signed the try-try-try girl to a seven-year contract.

Were her troubles over? During the four year quest for a movie job, continuous turndowns had affected—inevitably—her morale, but she kept her discouraged moments strictly private. It was during those forty-eight months that she would slip quietly home and have thorough good cries. Now, with a job, things (common to most young actresses' early movie work) began to happen that would lead her to banish the luxury of tears. After she played what she considered a rôle helpful to her career, in "Bathing Beauty," and then saw that most of it (the picture, as shot, ran too long) had been snipped out, she told herself: "I'm short. I look ridiculously young. Things like this will happen to me. I'll never cry, over my work, again. I'll try for, and do, so many things that some will *have* to come out right. I'll play cheerfully any rôle offered me. In the final film or out! And, not once in the rest of my career, will I ever let trouble trouble me."

The resolution came in handy that day of the "Easy to Wed" cut and the fiasco with Jimmy Stewart!

Meanwhile, like most young performers with serious ambitions (Jean yearns some day to play the lead in "Seventh Heaven") this one lives a simple life. She and her mother share a small Beverly Hills apartment, and a good many evenings are occupied listening to Jean's true grand passion—jive and jazz records. She is the only actress known who, asked about music, doesn't look soulful and, breathing deep, try to sound familiar with Beethoven and Tschaikowski. Jean's favorite recordings (she likes scores of them) include versions of *Snowfall, Little Jazz* and *Cement Mixer.* Louis Armstrong and Billie Holliday are her favorite trumpet player and vocalist, and she owns to particular fondness for the Rhythm Boys.

Jean's taste in food—strictly Texas—features fried chicken, steaks, and homemade ice cream. She's a good cook and personally turns out a batch of ice cream at least twice a week. You would think after that food choice that her reading would run to westerns, but instead she's one of Hollywood's most avid detective story fans.

By contrast, two close friends of Jean's, "Bunny" Green and Helen O'Hara, each stand 6 feet or better. When the three go peppily down the street, Jean, in the middle, looks, to use her own words, "like a fugitive from a midget show."

Looking young doesn't hurt a girl in the date department. Jean, at this writing, definitely hadn't settled on one man. But, to the accompaniment of some gnashing of other feminine teeth, she seems to attract the pick of the field. For example, she ice-skates with Guy Madison and rides horseback with Johnny Sands and Lon McCallister. *That's* nothing to cry about.

And she proves her sensibleness not to shed tears over her career. Her buoyancy, total absence of whining when the breaks go against her, and her general sunny nature and contagious love of life make her exceedingly popular at the studio. And executives know that she came to them consciously prepared to do good work. You'll see her in improving rôles, from now on, because MGM is lining them up for her and, as the cheery young woman figured out, they won't *all* end on the cutting-room floor.

Already Jean occupies a unique position in movie history. She's the only actress, past or present, to go through life explaining earnestly, "I'm lots older than I look—I really am!"

Life Begins for Hedy Lamarr

Continued from page 31

my picture and my possessions would appear on the kitchen sinks of the land."

To those wise in the ways of Hollywood, there was nothing particularly unusual about the cleanser deal. It was, in studio parlance, a tie-up. Hedy's face had graced other advertisements. It was that little extra touch—the fact that her mother's pin was being exploited and given away—which made Hedy blow her top.

It's a healthy thing to blow your top once in awhile. Hedy has indulged in it too little. Many was the night when she cried bitterly from sheer frustration. Many was the time she went to a movie, saw other actresses giving Academy Award performances, and wondered bleakly, "Why do I never see a script like that?" Today, that is all behind her. "Hollywood broke my heart," she admits soberly. "I had to develop a protective shell around me, so people could not see I was hurt. Today, that's all gone, finished. I'm happier than I have ever been in my life because for once I'm in a picture I *know* will give me an opportunity to act. The girl in 'The Strange Woman' is a sadist, tempting and feminine, but cruel. It's a part you can get your teeth into. People will either like or dislike me intensely, but at least they will be aware of me. It's a part any actress would love, touching many emotions and delving into strange situations. It's dramatic and forceful. And do you know what? *It's the easiest rôle I have ever had!* Because, for an actress, it's easier to 'act' than to walk through a picture trying to make something out of nothing."

Hedy, stretched out on the floor in her elaborate dressing room, was a pixie. There is only one Hedy Lamarr, and she defies imitation. She is the least glamorous of all the glamor girls. She lounges on the floor, kicks her feet in the air, welcomes you in a bulky and unbecoming



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robe. Fortunately, there's nothing she can do to botch up her face! It's warm and lovely: from her green, black-lashed eyes, to her uptilted nose, to her full, expressive lips. All this transcends the dishabille. She's beautiful but she doesn't take it seriously. Her sense of humor is quick and spontaneous. People, words, clichés, phrases, situations, amuse her. Yet she can be authoritative and serious, too.

Her dressing room is like an elaborate New York apartment. There is a 14x22 foot living room, a dining room, kitchen, bath. She uses the bedroom as an immense and luxurious dressing room. The main rooms are carpeted from wall to wall in soft green. The furniture is upholstered in deep rose. Some coverings are solid color; others are striped: rose and white. The full drapes are in rose and white stripes. The whole effect is dramatic because eighteenth century is skillfully blended with modern. Somehow, this extravagant dressing room with its many brilliant and bold colors, its contrast of the old with the new, is like Hedy, herself.

Lying on the floor, tummy downward, she talks on the telephone, gives interviews, decides on fabrics for her costumes, poses for pictures, greets friends and gives orders. Her dressing room is the frame for Hedy Lamarr, the actress, and Hedy, the producer.

For now a myriad of details rest upon her shoulders. Not that Hunt Stromberg, executive producer, and Jack Chertok, producer, do not carry the bulk of production. But for the first time, Hedy —who is a brilliant woman and no scatterbrain—has a say in what is going to happen to a picture in which she is being starred. She calls on the telephone to ask to see sketches that have been made for the title of the picture. "The right art on the titles means a lot," she explains seriously. "They let the audience know *before the picture begins* that care and thought have gone into the production." The designer comes with a soft yellow woolen from which to make one of Hedy's suits for her next picture, "Dishonored Lady." Hedy crumples the material experimentally into a little ball. "That is going to wrinkle," she says. "Make two skirts so that one will always be pressed." She doesn't like the color and asks for dye samples. "It has to photograph dark," she remarks, "so let's dye the fabric emerald green. I'd enjoy wearing that." Someone calls from the set to announce the scene is set up for re-takes. Hedy talks to one person in French, another in German. She hangs up the phone and continues her interview in English.

A script is shown her. "A certain scene is confusing me," admits Jack Chertok. Hedy, who is practical and analytical, spots the "bug." "Take the middle sequence out," she advises. Later rushes prove she is right. The scene has become smooth and logical. Again the director asks, "How would you do such-and-such if so-and-so happened to you?" Hedy thinks it over and then tells him. "Okay, let's shoot it that way," he orders. Again and again she is joyously conscious of the fact that in this as well as all future pictures her opinions carry weight. They are listened to and her advice acted upon.

Since Hedy has always liked creative work and has a complicated, rather than an easy-to-define personality, she has needed a greater outlet than she has been given formerly. There is nothing more frustrating than to use only part of your mind or part of your ability. Hedy repeats again: "I don't know how to explain this new sense of freedom I have. I'm working harder than ever before, but it's easier, somehow. It's incredibly difficult to play a negative part and make it positive. And that's what I've been doing for seven years. To play a living, speaking, feeling person who *does* things is so much easier. To play someone who just stands around is hard."

Hedy's job as a producer isn't the same as, for instance, Joan Harrison's or Virginia Van Upp's. Hedy cannot write scripts, although she is very clever about story construction, is aware that every picture must have a beginning, a middle, and an end. She isn't being facetious when she speaks of this. Too many pictures jump right into the middle without enough introduction. Others let the endings drag out interminably. Hedy has seen mistakes in other pictures, and it is from these mistakes she is learning. In all future pictures, Hedy is going to try for perfection. She wants her films to be right from every point of view. That's a tall order, and Hedy doesn't expect to achieve it. But she does intend to *try* to achieve it, which is more than a lot of producers can say. She believes, with Somerset Maugham, that if you want nothing but the very best, you'll get it.

Hedy, for all her practical business sense, is still feminine enough to be superstitious. The company is named Mars, both for the planet and the last part of her name. She'll also admit this: "I know things will go right for me from now on. After all, the worst is behind me. Nothing more that is bad can happen to me—it's happened already. From now on, it has to be easier. *Besides, every fortune teller—not just one, but every one—has told me this year would be my most successful one.*"

Yes, Hedy, as a woman producer, is definitely feminine. When "The Strange Woman" was being cast, she wanted certain people for certain rôles. She didn't list their qualifications or past performances, she just said: "I have to have them, period." So she got them.

Also, despite her years of picture making, she has been learning much more than ever before now that she has become

a producer. "You can't have certain stages or space for certain times. Other days you can't shoot exteriors—even the outdoors is budgeted. Sometimes this is because an actor will be under contract just for the length of the picture. That means you have to shoot every scene in which that actor appears, regardless of sequence. Otherwise, you'd be paying him just for sitting around."

Hedy has learned some of the headaches of production, too. The waste of money has always appalled her. Now it's *her* money—at least some of it—and every gigantic or small thing that holds up production hits her right in the pocketbook. "The Strange Woman" had no more hard luck than most big productions, but this time Hedy has been more keenly conscious of the hard luck. First there was the flu. Almost everyone had to stay home a few days with it. Then there was the strike. The picture is now finished, but some additional scenes are vitally needed, and Louis Hayward, who figures in some of them, is in London. Things like that. All these details Hedy now partly shoulders. Even so, she finds being a producer very satisfying.

You'll see a new Hedy Lamarr when "The Strange Woman" comes to town. You'll like her, despite the fact that the rôle is unsympathetic and similar to Gene Tierney's in "Leave Her to Heaven." Around Hollywood, old-timers are seeing a new Hedy Lamarr, too. She learned long ago not to let tears show, but today she realizes she has really licked heartbreak. "Awful things that are said about me," she confesses today, "just roll right off of me. Before, I couldn't explain I didn't have a chance to do better work. Today, I know if I don't do a good job, I'll have no one to blame but myself. So I intend to do a good job. That's a satisfying feeling. Again, I have always felt pictures should have a message, whether good or bad. This picture is based on the thought that evil destroys itself. I like that. I believe pictures should be thought about, too, not just slapped together. And I think people should learn by the mistakes of themselves and others. It's a criminal fact that too often pictures repeat the same errors over and over again. You have to make mistakes—how else can you learn? But you haven't learned if you don't correct errors when you know about them."

One of Hedy's peculiar charms is her honest and direct way of expressing herself. Her thoughts don't follow conventional patterns. Of a drab fabric she'll say: "It's like old age—indefinite." Of Hollywood, she'll remark: "It's like a small town where little flames of gossip become giant conflagrations." And of the possibility that her children might want picture careers, she says determinedly, "Never will I allow it! If they want to have technical careers in the motion picture industry, yes. But to be an actor or an actress, no. I might have cried and had my heart broken. I might have had to learn that here it is dog eat dog, but for my children—no."

Yes, this is a new, exciting, disturbing, determined Hedy Lamarr. You'll see in "The Strange Woman" a Hedy who is a fine actress. The old Hedy is dead. And the new Hedy has just begun to live.

What You Mean in My Life

Continued from page 40

"listen!" Mr. Warner listened. And heard. And understood. I, too, understood—that your voices were more important in my career, because more impressive to Mr. Warner, than even laudatory letters from managers and exhibitors, or rave reviews by the critics or sales talks by agents could be.

For you are the Voice of the motion picture industry. The Referee. The Ultima Thule. You, not Mr. Zanuck or Mr. Goldwyn or Mr. Warner or Mr. Mayer make stars or break stars. The producers introduce us to you, that is true, give us our opportunity. But not until they hear your Voice (which, since the adult is silent in approval or in disapproval whereas youth makes its Voice heard, is the *only* Voice signifying that you are for us, or against us) do they build us to stardom or permit our options to lapse. *You, the fans, are the starmakers!*

That personal appearance of mine at the Strand was my first meeting, face to face, with the American public, with *you*—and what you have meant in my life, in my career, I must now try my best to tell you that you may fully realize what you have done for me and how it is, in my heart, appreciated.

To begin with the beginning, which is where my thanks to you begins when first I came, a stranger from Vienna, to Hollywood, I played—in "Mrs. Miniver," "Northern Pursuit," "Hotel Berlin," "Edge of Darkness"—*four Nazis in a row!* In "Mrs. Miniver" I, as the wounded Nazi flyer, had not only an ugly rôle but a comparatively small one. Mind you, it was a stunning part. With everyone in the cast so noble, so good, a dastard like the Nazi flyer stood out like a very throbbing sore thumb. Still, he was not an endearing fellow, that one. Moreover, the picture starred Greer Garson and Walter Pidgeon, in whose lustre a newcomer might well have been overlooked to the point of invisibility. *You did not overlook!*

In "Northern Pursuit," as an escaping Nazi officer; in "Edge of Darkness" as the Nazi commandant; in "Hotel Berlin," again a Nazi, more insidious because more ingratiating and, later, in "Escape in the Desert" in which I, a sadist, twisted the heroine's arm and kicked poor Mr. Samuel Hinds in the ribs, I continued my naztiness.

Feeling, as I did, that the job of interpreting the enemy to America was a job to be done, *my* job (I knew the enemy) and glad I was capable of doing it I did not, at the same time, have hopes that I would soon, if ever, be accepted in romantic rôles. But although



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I tried to cheer myself with the thought that the more people dislike me on the screen, the more I could feel I was doing a good job, I was happy when you did not seem to dislike me off the screen; when you seemed to understand that the man and the rôle were not one.

Very happy when, after "Hotel Berlin," in which, momentarily a man instead of a monster, I kissed the girl once, on the cheek, you saw in that kiss something that made you write me many letters saying you wanted me to play romantic rôles, to "get the girl." So that, in "Casablanca," "Mission to Moscow," "Passage to Marseilles," "Hollywood Canteen" and one or two others I was given, *thanks to you,* rôles of sympathy.

When I first came to this country, I was very sad. Hitler had just invaded my country. War was imminent. Seeing the (blood) writing on the wall, I said goodbye to my parents, to my brother, to my career in the diplomatic service, for which I had been trained. So I came to America in sadness, lifted by the hope that I might find a way to interpret to America the evils and the evildoers that were poisoning my country. Perhaps, too, a way to interpret what America was doing, thinking, and feeling to my people.

Figuring the best way for me, a stranger, to know the American people was to go to an American university, I came directly to California and enrolled at the University of California at Los Angeles. To pay my way, I gave lessons in French and fencing. After a college year, I went into the business office of an uncle in Los Angeles, but I did not like it in business. Casting in my mind for the best way to achieve the purpose with which I had come, I thought of the motion pictures. The job of an actor is, in the long run, interpretation. If I, as an actor, can interpret Europe to America and America to Europe it will be, I thought, a gratifying, a satisfying thing to do.

As soon, then, as I was able, I won for myself a place with the Pasadena Community Players, from which so many have come to the screen. To help defray my expenses while I was learning to be an actor, I opened two gas-filling stations. Scouts from the Warner Brothers saw me there—at the Playhouse, not in the filling stations!— and soon I was signed to a contract with Warners. That was the first milestone. The second was when, as the wounded German flyer crawling out of *Mrs. Miniver's* garden I crawled, also, thanks to you, out of obscurity.

But not, quite so quickly, out of the confusion of the many adjustments I, born and brought up in Vienna, had to make here—including the simplest like getting adjusted to green celery and artichokes and pie with cheese, which we do not have in my country. Pie with cheese was once, by the way, a scare to me. With $2.00 in my pocket (over and above my railroad fare) when I stepped off the ship in New York, I had to watch with both my eyes the few nickels that made up that meagre capital. So when, one day, I ordered apple pie in a café and it was served to me with cheese on the side, I said "Please, take away the cheese. I did not order it and I do not wish to pay the extra." The waitress, poor girl, was put to pains explaining to me the minor miracle of how, here, the pie and the cheese were as one.

Like the sequences in a "Silly Symphony," adjustments like this occurred every day during my first month in Hollywood. They make funny reading. They did not make so funny reality. But how I made the adjustments was thanks, mostly, to the letters you wrote me which gradually, a word here, a phrase there, put me "hep."

You were also, and are still, a real and constructive influence in my work, so that I do not regard your letters as "fan" letters, but as letters from friends and guides in my development. It ranges, the advice you give me, from things like combing my hair differently to suggesting to me parts you would like me to play and leading ladies you would like to see me play them with.

It is not, alas, always possible to follow your suggestions. When, for instance, you write, "Dear Mr. Dantine: You and Ingrid Bergman would make a good couple." I would be enchanted to work with Miss Bergman, but that is not in my province to decide. Again, when it was printed that I am trying to lose a little of my Viennese accent, you sent me an avalanche of letters. "Don't lose it!" you wrote, almost unanimously. "Don't for heaven's sake, lose it!"—and took the pains to explain why you advised me so. "This is a business of being 'different,'" you wrote. "This is a business of personalities. Lose your accent and you will lose some of this difference, this personality."

In addition to the letters you write me, there are so many of the big little things you do for me, that are of the heart: as when, not long ago, a little colored girl brought me the pipe that had belonged to her father, killed in action somewhere in France. "I wanted you to have it," she said. And the lad who sent me a piece of Hitler's flag (which, from overseas, his fighting brother had sent him) because, he wrote, he thought it would give me, soiled and tattered as it was, some satisfaction.

I answer, conscientiously, every letter you write me, whether you tell me of a toothache you are having, or of a brother home from the service, or a new romance you are dreaming—and always with the hope that I may be, in some measure, as understanding of you as you have been, in all things, of me.

Of my mistakes, for instance. For I have made mistakes, oh yes! of course I have. Big and little mistakes. Necessary mistakes. Stupid and unnecessary mistakes—comforting myself, completely fatalistic as I am, with the belief that one cannot escape one's destiny but that life forgives you *if you do not make the same mistakes twice.*

When, soon after I left the Pasadena Playhouse, I married Gwen Anderson, who had also been working there (Gwen later made her big hit in New York in the stage play, "Janie") you were happy for us. You had, at first, reason to be

happy for us who were, at first, so happy. But when we were not happy any longer and, a year after Gwennie went to New York for "Janie," our marriage broke up, you seemed to sense the unhappiness of two people who had not wanted failure.

The fault was mine. I was not ready for marriage. Perhaps we were both, quite apart from volition, at fault. For we were too different. Gwen, a mid-Western girl, wholesome and adorable, and I, a European (seldom so wholesome as an American) and not at all adorable, had too many adjustments to make. And were not able to make them. And believed, both of us, that there is no point in muddling along; that if decisions have to be reached, they should be clean-cutting and quick. And made our decision. This is not an excuse for failure, but an explanation.

Later, when Ida Lupino and I were much together, were in love, you were again interested. It was, many of you wrote, exciting. So it was. Now a closed chapter, *so it was*. Ida and I, too, were different. Too different. So generous in her work, in herself, with her friends, Ida, who has made so many more pictures than I, is so brilliant a star, is basically, a little, how do you say it here, tired of it all? Ida, I think, wants to settle down, but so settle *down*. Whereas, for me, the career is still accomplishing; life is still adventure; still things to be done. Many things. Such as that I would like to live in New York part of the time; want to have outside interests so that I may see over the wall of my profession.

Our way of life, Ida's and mine, the very walls and roof and furnishings of our lives, are different. Ida lives in a beautiful house, in Beverly Hills. I still live in my little one-room bachelor apartment at $45.00 a month. When it is advised that I pay for a place $150.00, $200.00, $350.00, I say to hell with it! I know too well the fast-turning table this business is; know too well the has-beens. I want to save my money. So again, unless you like, deeply like, the same things, you are too different to like each other. For people who do not like each other to love each other, spells failure.

I would like to marry. You cannot grow old with press-books or warm your heart at a clipping bureau. Nor do I care about being famous or wealthy unless I am also being happy. I want to marry because I feel that marriage is the ultimate happiness, but because the next time must be, not a chapter, but the whole book, must be for keeps, I do *not* intend to marry again in the profession. It is too difficult to know when the actress becomes the woman and the woman, the actress; when the name in lights begins, and when the lights go off.

It seems to me not possible for a woman to have a career and a home and husband, too. Since, in my opinion, a woman is created in such a way that she can give, completely, in only one direction, in a profession as hard-hitting, as basically selfish as that of acting she can certainly give of herself, only there.

I am, besides, too jealous, too possessive to share the woman I love very much with one hundred and fifty million others. Too possessive to be able to watch her, on stage or screen, and think that the same smile she has now, *I* get —the same embrace she gives now, so realistically, *I* have been given—that sudden tenderness in her voice, *I* have heard—no, no, I do not want a wife to share with one hundred and fifty millions!

Now that I am, I am *every day* thanking my God, an American citizen —an American in my home, in my heart, in my plans, I would want to marry an American girl. None other. Even if I were not an American citizen, I would want to marry an American girl, for they are marvelous. Not the "mink coats" so much as the girls who work, with their hair long and well-brushed, their eyes clear, skin fine, who out of nothing, make something.

In Europe, you must be going with three or four girls. One you take dancing; another is a wonderful conversationalist; one you take to the concert. But the American girl, you take her to the concert, to play golf; you talk with her and dine with her and dance with her; you take her to the movies—she is all things in one, and terribly attractive, at that.

So now I come to the most and best thing I have to thank you, my friends, for making possible. For five years, I had not heard from my parents. Not since Pearl Harbor had I heard from them, or of them. And had, with pain, resigned myself. Then, in May, over a year ago, the OWI asked me to make an *America Calling* talk on the radio, speaking in French, in Italian and, for Austria, in German. Before I spoke, the announcer gave an introduction of me, telling who this man is, what he has done, that he should be speaking on the air. Three months later, the OWI man called me in Los Angeles to say: "We have heard from our man in Vienna. *Your parents listened in.*"

You may imagine the joy and happiness it was for me to know by this, for the first time in five years, that my parents were living. Later, I learned that my father had lived six months in a coal cellar but was now in what is called "Protective Custody" and reinstated in his office as Under-secretary of State, for Traffic; that my brother, also surviving, had got from the Austrian Government the Medal for Valor. Now in New York, as I write, I am here arranging for my passport in order that I may go, as soon as my next picture is completed, to Vienna, to see how it is with my parents and to bring them back with me.

For this, I say, I have also you to thank since without you, the announcer on the OWI would not have been able to say what he did say about "this man" and who he is, and what he has done.

Some day I hope to write and direct—but always with motion pictures, which have the great power to interpret the people of the world to each other. More than ever do I wish to stay with the pictures, for in this shrinking world of ours, with the atom bomb hanging over us, the only way to have peace is to know each other. To work for this is what, with your continued help, I hope to do.

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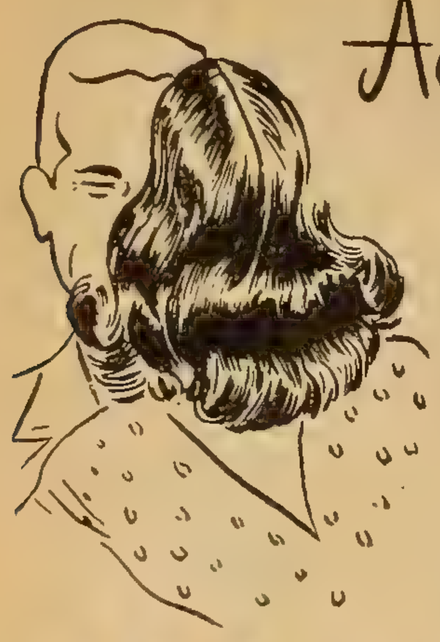
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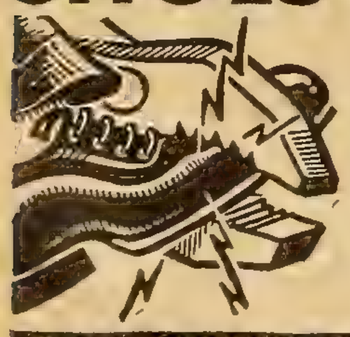
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This Is What I Believe

Continued from page 29

are for the most part not content to go back to their old jobs in drug stores or banks or selling bonds. They are restless and confused. They don't know exactly what it is they are searching for.

The last thing in the world that I want is to influence anyone's religious or political viewpoint. Just as W. Somerset Maugham said he had never begun a novel with more misgiving than when he began "The Razor's Edge," so I have never begun an article with more misgiving than this one. Nevertheless, discussing these things frankly may help to clear the air.

One of the reasons why we got into World War II is that for a long time Americans didn't care what was happening in Europe and elsewhere. We shut ourselves tight behind our delightful delusion that what happened in Europe was no concern of ours. Sometimes we didn't even care very much what happened in America. Many of us often neglected to vote. We paid very little attention to the forces of religious and racial intolerance which were springing up in various parts of the country.

Today there is a tremendous job that can be done with young people in the high schools and junior colleges. I know that's true, because about a year and a half ago, when I was sent on a speaking tour through such schools to appeal to these young people to buy bonds, I found their response amazing. Here were some of the much-maligned bobby-sockers. I discovered that they were on the whole very intelligent and responsive. They were glad that the nation had at last discovered them and was appealing to them. The moment they were asked to be a part of an important movement, they grew in stature. I believe they listened to me not because I was a movie actor but because I was a Marine lieutenant who had something to say to them. These youngsters are in a listening mood. I think that those who are concerned with the future of our country should go out and speak to them on such problems as racial and religious tolerance and on the job they themselves will have to perform when they become voters. I know that Frank Sinatra has done excellent work in this field.

If more Sinatras and others like him had gone about talking straight-from-the-shoulder to the people of my generation when we were in school, perhaps the whole bloody mess of World War II might have been avoided. Anyway, here for what they are worth are my views on the subjects SCREENLAND has asked me to discuss.

Life. I don't believe that I personally have reached a definite philosophy of life. I think one's philosophy changes as one's desires, position, and ambitions change. There isn't any age where one stops growing mentally, and so there isn't any age where one reaches a final philosophy.

During the past three years I have changed tremendously, and my ideas on living have changed with me. Before the war I used to be interested in a lot of trivialities. Like so many people, I was content to live in the fringe around life. I wasted a great deal of time worrying about incidentals instead of getting to the core of things.

Another way in which I've changed is that I no longer believe in putting things off. There was a time when I used to procrastinate a great deal. Now I've discovered that doing things as promptly as possible simplifies life.

I've always been fortunate in one respect, and that hasn't changed. I've always known that I wanted to act. Today I feel sorry for many people who don't know what they want. Those, like myself, who *know* what they want can devote their energies to getting it, while those who don't know waste a lot of time and energy deciding.

Death. Life is trouble enough without worrying about something you don't know anything about. Naturally, the thought of death must be somewhere in our subconscious minds. We know it's bound to happen some day, but we accept it, just as we accept the furniture in our rooms without giving the separate pieces a great deal of conscious thought. Why worry about death? We know it's going to get dark tonight but we don't worry about it.

Immortality. I believe in one kind of immortality. People live in the people they leave behind. There are probably people who have passed away who have influenced you. So long as that influence remains, they are alive in you. Just because we happen "to shuffle off this mortal coil" and leave some worm food behind, we are not dead, so long as someone on earth remains on whose life we have left some mark.

Religion. In "The Razor's Edge" *Larry's* quest for something on which to hang his life and thus find peace went through three phases. He started off with mental reactions, studied music, art and books, and came to the realization that what he was looking for couldn't be found wholly in books. Then he tried the physical path to peace and worked in coal mines, hoping that he would find peace in work and sweat. Finally, he decided to try to find what he was looking for in India, through religious and spiritual paths.

He discovered one thing, which is the basic underlying principle on which all religions are built. All the things you look for in life exist within yourself. I agree with *Larry* and with W. Somerset Maugham on that. I believe that the peace we all seek can only come through a combination of all three paths *Larry* took: mental, physical and spiritual.

I know that there is a motivating, creative force of the universe—the Christians call him God—the Mohammedans call him Allah—the Hindus call him Brahma the Creator.

Faith. SCREENLAND has asked me in what things I have faith. The question nonplusses me. I'm not sure what faith

is. If by it is meant a blind acceptance of "things not seen," then I think that perhaps I am a man without faith. On the other hand, there was a poet who said:

"There lives more faith in honest doubt,
believe me
Than in half the creeds."

By that definition I am a man of great faith, for I have many honest doubts.

I believe in prayer, because I think it does the person who prays some good within himself if he has faith.

I believe that all good and all evil exist in all people, and that the degree to which the good or evil is developed depends upon the degree of intelligence and upon environment and heredity.

Many people the world calls evil have great good in them. For instance, some of the biggest, kindest hearts are in social outcasts. By the same token, some people who are accepted as great ladies and gentlemen are full of all kinds of mischief and chicanery.

Morals. I believe that you should do anything you think right as long as you don't hurt any other person. Shakespeare certainly had something when he said, "There is nothing either good or bad, but thinking makes it so."

The Churches. They accomplish a great deal of good. I believe that one of the greatest motivating factors in life is loneliness. In the church and in religion people have someone to turn to. I go to church, not so much at the prescribed times, as at odd moments when it is empty and alone, so it isn't essentially loneliness that brings me to church, nor is it a prescribed creed. Perhaps it's strange that a man like myself, who professes to be a man of little faith, should find a church so well worth going to. I think that going to church, particularly in those quiet hours, gives you a certain feeling of peace. Many times, you find that peace through meditation and being alone. Sometimes the atmosphere of the church helps you to work out your problems, or you are able to confide in a person or in a force which some men call God the problems you couldn't discuss with anyone else. Confiding your problems thus gives you a great sense of release.

War and Peace. I have been asked whether I believe that World War II is the last war. Let me answer by a question: Do you think human beings are any better today than they have been?

In each generation, people thought that the discovery of new and more horrible means of waging warfare would wake mankind up and lead to the end of all wars. I have no doubt that when the bow and arrow was first discovered, some people said, "Now that fighting has become so dangerous and destructive, wars will end." And when guns were discovered, surely they said the same thing. The invention of gunpowder brought up the same old argument. So did the invention of airplanes and submarines. There were people who said, after each of these inventions, that their discovery would abolish warfare forever. But if I remember my history correctly, none of them did.

Now there are people who argue that the atomic bomb will have that effect. How I wish they were right! But I am afraid that you can invent all manner of new weapons, but war itself will never be abolished till someone invents a better human being.

The actual firing of rifles, guns and the use of other weapons is only one manifestation of war, just as saying "I love you" is only one manifestation of love. There are all kinds of other social and economic manifestations. Though the shooting war is supposedly over, who can truthfully argue that the world is at peace today?

Education. I believe that all young people should be educated in religious and racial tolerance, and that all of them should learn something about how our government works, so that they won't think it's all administered by some vague organization in Washington, D. C., which has nothing to do with them.

I don't know much about progressive schools, but it seems to me that their sort of training ought to start after young people have learned the three R's and not before. Personally, I must confess that I got very little out of the old-fashioned type of school I attended. I can't remember a single date; I haven't the faintest idea how to square a circle. Maybe I got things out of school that I don't realize I learned. But I am more conscious of the things I didn't learn.

If I had a son, the type of education I would choose for him would depend on what he wanted to do. If he wanted to be an actor, I would make him go out and act on a stage as soon as possible. You can read all the books on theory that were ever published—and though they're good, you can't act till you really act.

On the other hand, if my imaginary son wanted to be an engineer or a lawyer or a doctor, I'd want him to go to college. In either event, I think boys of six should be thoroughly grounded in fundamentals before progressive methods are tried on them. I know when I was a boy I wanted to be an engineer, but thank heavens, they didn't put me on the Southern Pacific or the Santa Fe. I don't believe boys who haven't learned how to read or write yet are quite ready to run a school newspaper, and I feel sorry for the son of an acquaintance of mine who suddenly had to learn Spanish grammar, although he'd never learned anything about the grammar behind his own language in the progressive school he attended. Progressive schools would be fine, I think, for boys of high school or college age whose future occupations don't require a more conventional type of academic education.

The Post-war World. I'll be very much interested in seeing it, if it comes in my lifetime. Right now we're living in a post-shooting war America, which is rather pleasant. However, with all the unrest, turmoil and revolution, who can truthfully call this a post-war world? I don't know when that happy day will come.

Work and Success. I think that people who give advice to others should be quietly disposed of. I just can't see myself sitting down and earnestly passing out bowls of advice. I don't believe that





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there is any set formula for success. The closest you can come to it is to say that it's 90 per cent perspiration and 10 per cent inspiration. That's an old truism, of course, and like many old truisms, it's true. I think that success, particularly in this business of acting, is a combination of fortunate circumstances and work.

Believe it or not, it is much harder work *being* a so-called success than making yourself a success. This is exemplified every day by people who shoot up there like comets, but can't stay up for any length of time. One reason it is so much harder to remain a success than to become one is that after you have attained some measure of success, you have so much more to lose and you hate to take so many chances. When you have nothing to lose and everything to gain, a gamble on some untried venture is easier.

Love and Marriage. Whenever I'm asked about marriage, I always think of Samuel Johnson's witty remark, "A second marriage is the triumph of hope over experience." The more you think of it, the wittier it seems.

The same principle that applies to success applies to a happy marriage. You have to work harder to keep it happy than you did during courtship days. You have to be as considerate and thoughtful as during those days. Just as your work in your chosen field can't stop when you become a success, so working at marriage can't stop when you think you've achieved a happy marriage.

I think that love and marriage are here to stay, atomic bomb or not.

I don't believe in love at first sight—and don't expect me to define love, I'm not sticking my neck out on that! It seems to me I've stuck it out enough. Anyway, love as we accept it can't really come till you have a deep understanding of the person for whom you feel a violent emotion.

Happiness. I don't know whether peace comes out of happiness or happiness out of peace. It's like asking: Which came first, the chicken or the egg? I don't believe that you can achieve happiness through conscious seeking for it. When you do achieve it, it will come out of your subconscious mind.

I am inclined to agree with the psychiatrist in "The Seventh Veil" that there are seven veils to the mind, veils of shyness and reserve and fear, which we drop only after we know people well. Again quoting this psychiatrist, as we know people longer, we may drop more veils. A woman may drop the fifth or sixth veil with the man she loves best. But each person usually keeps the seventh veil—deep in the subconscious mind—to himself. And it is in this part of the mind—below the seventh veil—that the deepest roots of happiness and unhappiness lie.

Friendship. I believe that we are born alone, live alone and die alone. There is always the seventh veil covering each person's mind. Loneliness is one of the great motivating forces. You can be lonely in a crowd. Many servicemen knew deep loneliness, though they were surrounded by legions of men.

To lighten up this loneliness there are friends and there is love. Most of us have many acquaintances and very few real friends. I have two real friends, in the deepest sense of the word, and consider myself a very lucky person. But that kind of friendship is based on an understanding between two people. No conscious effort is necessary. The friendship exists even if you don't see the people concerned for two weeks or two years. It's nothing you really work on. It just is.

To sum up my beliefs, I believe that one of the great motivating forces is loneliness. I believe that all good and all evil exist in different proportions in all men and women; that good exists in those we call evil, and evil in those we call good. Sometimes the good may be so deeply buried, and the evil so triumphant that we cannot see the good any longer, though there are feeble remnants of it still left.

I believe that there is a great force behind the universe. I believe that the only immortality we will ever know will come through our effect on the people we will leave behind. I believe death is no more to be feared than the coming of night.

I believe that while we live we should do whatever we think is right, so long as we harm no one else, and that each of us should seek peace, happiness and God in his own way, and never deny to anyone else life, liberty or the pursuit of happiness, regardless of the color of the other man's skin or the kind of religious opinions he holds. If we condemn other men because of their race or religion, then all the doctrines we fought against on foreign soil will be fighting against us on American soil.

Listen, Scott!

Continued from page 48

stand up straight. It's my six-feet-four gentlemen who'll have trouble. I shall have to get me shorter beaux!

"The place is tiny, but I'm an adaptable gal. It's home and I love it. Besides, I can always say, 'Listen, Scott, you remember that *broom closet* you called home in New York, when you were modeling for photographers and breaking your silly head trying to make a dent on the Broadway stage?'"

Beaux, long ones and short, would naturally not be lacking in the life of a pretty girl like Lizabeth. But she's the despair of the publicity department because she avoids night clubs as many of us avoid the dentist's chair. She has visited the Mocambo twice, and neither time was it her idea. She likes to dance, but she'd rather roll back the rug at home—if she had a rug. And how, the publicists implore, can they get a girl's

name in the gossip columns if she won't be seen at the night spots?

Lizabeth takes a dim view of that argument. She has talked to herself about romance and marriage, and she has her own views: "I'm an intense person," she says earnestly. "I have a terrific fervor for self-development and self-improvement, as an actress and as a person. I believe it's every woman's duty as a human being, whether she's actress, schoolgirl or housewife, to develop herself to her finest capabilities. When I meet the man I can love intensely and who loves me the same way, I'm going to marry him, settle down, and have three children. I won't be sacrificing anything, even if I quit pictures for that man, because a good marriage is the most ennobling career a woman can have."

Lizabeth is as serious and profound about that, with eye-squinting and gestures, as she is gay about relating other consequences of her periodic self-examinations.

She has not yet met Deanna Durbin, but she'll confess it was Deanna who first impelled Lizabeth to "haul herself up" and ask herself where she was going. Lizabeth was all of thirteen at the time, and there was Deanna, approximately the same age, a singing screen star. "What are *you* doing, Scott?" asked Lizabeth then.

That was when her dramatic urge was born, back home in Scranton, Pa.—the driving urge that made her insist on dramatic school instead of college, the urge that sustained her as hopeful understudy to Tallulah Bankhead in "The Skin of Our Teeth" on Broadway when the star obstinately refused to be either ailing or late for a performance.

After seven months of Tallulah's unobligingly good health and the equally rugged promptness of her successor Miriam Hopkins, Lizabeth quit her steady job to go out on her own. She was called back to play the rôle for one wonderful but not immediately rewarding night, and she rejected Producer Hal Wallis's offer of a screen test in favor of two glorious weeks in the Bankhead part in Boston. Finally, reluctant and skeptical, she came to Hollywood because an agent saw her pictures in a fashion magazine—at a time when her beloved stage was being especially unreceptive to her pleas.

Lizabeth is an intelligent, straightforward young person, and her free, throaty laughter is directed Scottwards more often than otherwise. When Lizabeth laughs, you think of sunny open fields, shaded brooks, and pleasant warm breezes running playful fingers through a forest's hair. This may be because, for all they may try to tame her with the old glamor treatment, she remains a tanned and tousled, windblown youngster, strictly nature's own. The absurd hair-dos, plucked eyebrows, and "Joan Crawford mouths" they inflicted on her for early screen tests, before Hal Wallis signed up the real and natural Lizabeth, are as thoroughly forgotten as they deserve to be.

Lizabeth has long since given herself the Scott laugh treatment over her early scorn for pictures. She was unhappy in Hollywood, and eager to take a stage offer that had finally arrived, when Wallis cast her in "You Came Along," the picture that made her movie name. This ill-timed casting, as it seemed to her, miffed her considerably.

"I went into the picture still wanting the stage which was my Art, my Life, my All," she says with mock-dramatic gestures, capitalizing the words with heroic sighs. "But I had visited some sound stages, watching Jennifer Jones and Joan Fontaine at work, and I'd already begun to suspect that picture-acting might be real acting after all. After I'd tried it myself, I had to admit that pictures not only required acting but had a fascinating technique I had to learn—and I found myself loving it."

It was about this time that her old loyalty to the stage challenged her new views on Hollywood. "I said to myself, 'Listen! You're forever demanding integrity in people and things and ideas. Where is *your* integrity? What are you doing here if you think the stage is better? Why aren't you back in New York making the rounds, hearing the producers say no, no, no?' Well, I found a good practical answer for that one. Out here I was working hard, and learning many things about acting, and besides—'Be yourself, Scott,' I said. 'You're *eating!*'"

She's serious about her devotion to the screen, and she now believes pictures are superior to the stage. The camera, she points out, won't stand for the exaggeration so necessary before the footlights where actors must project themselves to the top row balcony as well as to front row center. The camera, too, lets the actor concentrate on the mood of a scene, makes him act as if he were not acting at all, but living.

"Oh, I'm not running down the theater, please believe me," she adds hastily. "I think it's grand, and it must be preserved with all its rich traditions, and it's still one of my ambitions to do a Broadway play."

Run down the theater? Not this girl whose fervor for it once almost drove her friends to distraction, during what she calls her "head tone period." One of her dramatic teachers insisted that Lizabeth's low, throaty voice would never do for the stage. She must use "head tones" and nothing else. So, while her fellow students found convenient excuses to skip that teacher's classes, Lizabeth adopted a high, asthmatic voice and used it constantly.

"My best friends wouldn't tell me," she recalls gaily, "but I finally came down to earth. I'm very lucky in the ability to get back on balance. I may lose it temporarily—in speech or in a love affair—but I always regain my equilibrium."

The Scott life is very much in balance now, although it's crowded with all the whirl and flutter that surround a rising new star. Personal appearance tours, portrait sittings, interviews, wardrobe fittings, and of course the making of her second film, "The Strange Love of Martha Ivers," have been her time-filling chores. All of them she has undertaken with lusty vitality.



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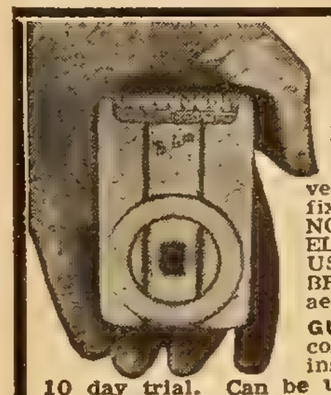
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This enjoyment of living is one of Lizabeth's most attractive traits. Her choice of a hobby typifies her consuming enthusiasm.

"I didn't have a hobby—I was just interested in everything," she explains. "But so many people asked me what my hobby was that I began to feel abnormal and picked one in self-defense. It's a glass menagerie—and now *it* interests me too!"

For the rest, that part of her life which a rising star can call her own is as simple as her pleasures. It is uncluttered, for instance, by any pressing sense of duty to housekeeping. She has a colored maid, Sally, who cleans and launders for her.

"I do empty ashtrays, perhaps too persistently," says Lizabeth. "I can broil a steak, fry an egg, and make very good coffee. But I may be on the way to real culinary artistry because—well, I've just learned to knit, and one thing leads to another."

If she becomes a kitchen artist, she'll probably specialize in spaghetti and French pastry. "I don't drink," she explains, "so when I want to celebrate I go on a spaghetti and pastry binge. I love dough—baking *and* banking varieties. And just plain bread without butter." She dislikes milk but is a coffee fiend—14 to 15 cups a day, with cream but no sugar. She thinks, with delightful reasoning, that all this coffee-cream must surely supply her milk requirements.

She is still somewhat embarrassed when fans recognize her, and sometimes in her embarrassment she denies that she is Lizabeth Scott. She was amused when she overheard a restaurant hostess whisper of her: "I'm sure I've seen that voice before!"

Her best friend is a charming southern girl who works as an accountant, outside the picture business. Together they go to movies, take long drives, explore the "little Mexico" of Olvera street, or occasionally take steam baths, an unorthodox but relaxing way to spend an evening.

Lizabeth's next picture is "Desert Town." It will be in Technicolor, and the Scott fans will doubtless rave in delight when they see her in full glory of tawny-gold hair, hazel eyes, and sun-tan complexion. When they do, they can be sure that Lizabeth will be saying: "This is all very well. It's nice to be liked. It's wonderful to have producers actually want to borrow you. But listen, Scott! You've a long way to go and things to learn. *Get going!*"

Portrait of a Girl Growing Up

Continued from page 33

All of which goes to show that Peggy Ann instinctively knows the first requirement for any actress, that of completely submerging her own personality in the part she is playing.

She really should have been picketed as unfair to tender-hearted audiences. For so heart-stirring was the screen Peggy Ann that she had her fans weeping not only for the particular moppet she happened to be playing at that moment but for the real Peggy Ann herself. For you couldn't tell anyone a child who could wring your heart like that hadn't suffered plenty. That's what's so unfair, all that sympathy she has garnered to herself under false pretensions. For you don't need any extra handkerchiefs when you're seeing Peggy Ann, herself, not a motion picture—I mean, not unless you happen to have a cold.

There she was that first time I met her a year or so ago, sitting with one foot tucked under her, looking a little wary at first, as what thirteen-year-old wouldn't cornered by a grown up when there were so many *interesting* things to do. And that was what she was, too, a regular little thirteen-year-old, with all the interests and enthusiasms and instincts that go with that age right down to the crushes.

Lon McCallister was the one whose picture propped up on the mantelpiece inscribed affectionately to Peggy was clearly her treasure beyond treasures. And she could have been any girl of her age pinning her dreams on one of her schoolchum's big brothers as she looked at it wistfully.

"Of course he's much too old to really notice me now," she said. "He likes older girls like Jeanne Crain." (This was a year ago, remember?) "But," she went on, and you could see she'd really given thought to the matter, "when I'm twenty-one he'll only be twenty-eight or twenty-nine and we'll be practically the same generation. After all, Gloria DeHaven's husband is fourteen years older than she is."

Dick Haymes came second in her affections, and that's one way Peggy hasn't changed in the year before I saw her again, for Lon and Dick are still two of her favorite people. And she still thinks that to have matchbooks with her own name printed on them would be wonderful, but after a year's campaign she hasn't managed to snag any yet, nor has she been able to wangle the perfume and fitted handbags and costume jewelry she adores. But to make up for those frustrations she can indulge in popsicles and records, all kinds, jive, popular, and even sentimental ones to the full extent of the dollar and a half a week which happens to be her allowance.

"I'm usually 'way behind on my favorites," she explained a little ruefully. "For I want every Dick Haymes, Sinatra and Perry Como record that comes out. Sometimes Dick gives me some and that certainly helps, because it's hard to stretch $1.50 very far."

She hasn't changed in certain other ways, either. She still loves skating and reading detective stories, the ones written for teen agers, and though one of her biggest thrills is the fact that her next picture is "Home, Sweet Homicide," she is rapidly changing her literary allegiance to novels, especially the romantic swashbuckling type. She is reading "Black Rose" now and can't wait to finish it so she can start on "Captain from Castille."

But she definitely hasn't changed in other loyalties. Her best friend is still Myrna Bower, and the other friends she had before she went into pictures. And though none of them are professionals, the fact that she's a celebrity doesn't cut any ice at all in their common friendship, nor does it give her any priorities over the others.

"Maybe two of them like me because I'm in pictures," she said after a moment of thought. "But I'm not sure. Myrna certainly doesn't, that's one of the reasons I like her."

A year ago she didn't have any hankering at all to be sophisticated, but now she thinks that if you could be sophisticated the way Joan Fontaine is it would be pretty wonderful. And one of the grown-up things she likes is bubble baths, another enthusiasm she shares with Myrna.

She also feels that growing up is definitely more fun than she thought it would be and that a few years ago she never dreamed so many wonderful things could happen.

"Each age is so new and *exciting*," she said. "And though everything is so super right now, I am looking forward to being sixteen in a way because that's when I can start dating without a chaperone. Right now I don't date regularly and I never go out alone with a boy. At our parties we don't separate into couples, just have good times all together without any boy or girl being especially interested in each other. We are all just about the same age, and though I think older men are interesting and all that I'd rather go to the movies with a boy of my own age to see older ones like Bill Eythe, Peter Lawford or Tom Drake. We all have a lot of fun, I guess maybe because we never get a chance to be bored because of too many parties and things like that. I never go out when I'm working and ten thirty is the latest I'm allowed to stay out, *ever*, and that's only for something very, very special."

The first very, very special occasion was her first formal. That came just after she'd finished making "Junior Miss," a picture which certainly influenced her own life. For it wasn't only that she had a chance to look not only pretty, but really glamorous in that picture; it was, to quote Peggy Ann, "a wonderful way to get to know all about growing up."

"Up to then," she elaborated, "I'd only played children that were definitely children, if you know what I mean. But in 'Junior Miss' I was almost adult, and it made things different all around."

It gave Peggy Ann ideas even when the picture was being made, about formals, for instance, and high heels. For when she was wobbling around in the high heel sequence of that picture she realized that wearing grown-up shoes certainly did do funny things to a girl's equilibrium and thought it might be a very good idea to get a pair, just to practice on against the time she'd be ready to wear them, and getting a formal seemed even more practical.

"Just in case," as Peggy explained it, "a boy asked me out somewhere, for I wouldn't ask a boy, *ever*."

But those ideas went the way the ones about monogrammed matchboxes and costume jewelry had gone, and not until she was fifteen was the verdict.

And then just after "Junior Miss" was released, a boy did ask her out, and no girl could have asked for a more exciting first date than that one to the sophomore dance at Harvard Military Academy. She was vacationing in Palm Springs and Darrylin Zanuck, the young daughter of Twentieth Century's boss, introduced them, so any element of coincidence in what afterwards happened is automatically ruled out. For before Peggy Ann could even start a new campaign to snag a formal of her very own, 20th Century-Fox presented her with the one she had worn in the picture. And Peggy loved it more than she possibly could have any bought especially for her because of its associations.

It was her favorite dress up to the time she got another formal, this time for an even more important event, the presentation of the Academy Awards. And after that, and the excitement of getting an Oscar, Peggy Ann can't tell for the life of her which dress she now prefers.

"Of course," she says, "everyone is partial in a way to their first formal, but still the other brought me luck, so I just can't decide."

Getting the all-important Oscar was another milestone in Peggy Ann's growing-up process. It quickened it, just as playing a subdeb matured her in other ways. Only the Academy Award changed her in a subtler way, a more thoughtful way. For it must have given Peggy Ann that all-important feeling of security in her own talents which is so important to anyone's development. It made her humble, too, as success will do to nice people, made her more than ever determined to show that she is grateful for all the wonderful things that have happened to her.

Another happening impressed her almost as deeply as receiving the Academy Award, "*the most thrilling thing that has ever happened to me.*" That was when she went with her crowd to see Frank Sinatra's short feature, "The House I Live In." It was a moving experience for all of them.

"It conveyed such a strong message," Peggy Ann said. "Particularly because of Mr. Sinatra's own sincerity. I admire him so much, all my crowd does, for his ideas on the subject and all he's doing about it. And I know that his fans will listen to his message too, for I think boys and girls are becoming more and more tolerant of religious and racial differences.

"I'm interested in people of all kinds. That's why I want to travel when I get old, say when I'm twenty, so that I can meet and know people of other countries. Of course I'll still want to be an actress, not only in the movies, but on the stage, too. I guess I'll always want to be an actress, but I don't want to get so caught up in my own career that I can't appreciate other things, too."

She made her sound very nice, that person Peggy Ann wants to be at twenty. But how could she be anything else, that mature Peggy Ann Garner, with the child who is even now creating her, the altogether grand little trouper that she is?



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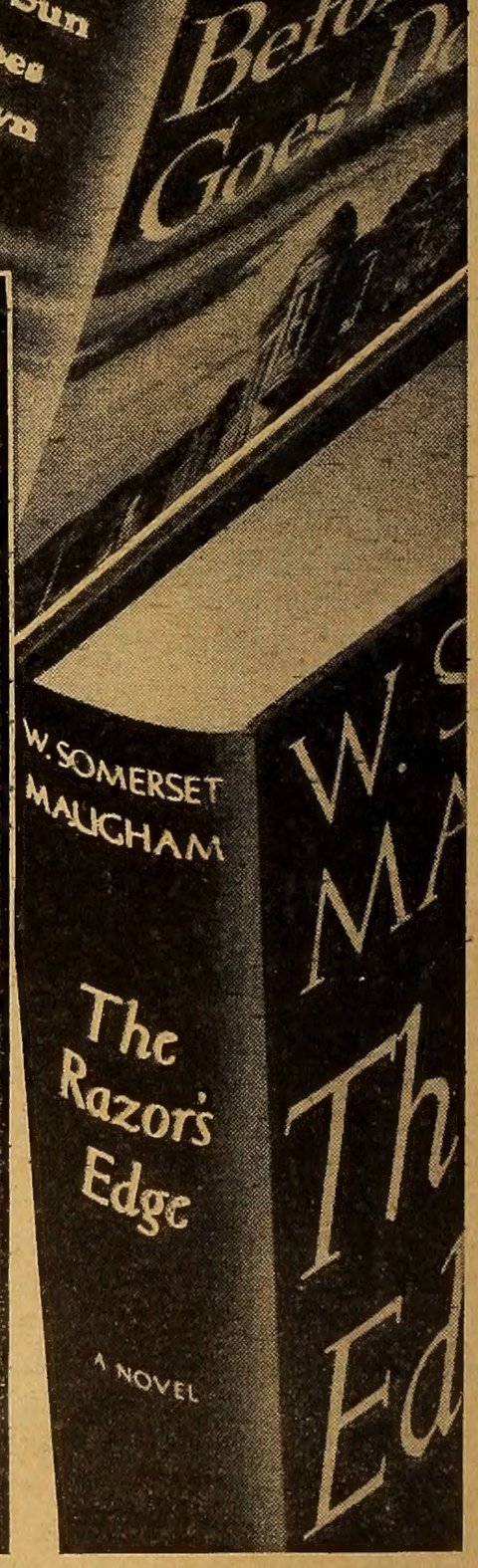
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